THE LIVING AGE.

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A GENERAL COMMUNION.

I saw the throng, so deeply separate,
  Fed at one only board,
The devout people, moved, intent, elate,
  And the devoted Lord.

Oh struck apart! not side from human side,
  But soul from human soul,
As each asunder absorbed the Multiplied,
  The ever unparted Whole.

I saw this people as a field of flowers,
  Each grown at such a price
The sum of unimaginable powers
  Did no more than suffice.

A thousand single central daisies they,
  A thousand of the one;
For each, the entire monopoly of day;
  For each, the whole of the devoted sun.

Alice Meynell.

IN HOSPITAL.

Would I might lie like this—without the pain—
  For seven years—as one with snowy hair,
Who in the high tower dreams his dying reign—
  Lie here and watch the walls—how grey and bare,
The metal bed-post, the uncolored screen,
  The mat, the jug, the cupboard, and the chair;
And, served by an old woman, calm and clean,
  Her misted face familiar, yet unknown,
Who comes in silence, and departs unseen;
  And with no other visit, lie alone,
Nor stir, except I had my food to find
  In that dull bowl Diogenes might own.
And down my window I would draw the blind,
  And never look without, but, waiting, hear
A noise of rain, a whistling of the wind,
  And only know that flame-foot Spring is near
By trilling birds, or by the patch of sun
  Crouching behind my curtain; and in fear,
Noon-dreams would enter, softly, one by one,
  And throng about the floor, and float and play
And flicker on the screen, while minutes run—
  The last majestic minutes of the day—
And with the mystic shadows, shadow grows.
  Then a grey square of wall shall fade away,
And glow again, and open, and disclose
  The shimmering lake in which the worlds do swim,
And all that lake a dewdrop on a rose.

James Elroy Flecker.

The Nation.

THE LURE OF LONDON.

Sea of the thousand streams! where all,
  Converging, break in one wide wave,
What ship of life that hears thy call
  But finds in thee her goal, or grave?

Lamp of the thousand flames! that drew
  Yon pale moth shrivelled at their touch,
What light so sure, the dark world through,
  To draw and doom a million such?

Tree of the thousand leaves! that dance
  Lightly, or fall in dust and death,
Did siren bowers of old romance
  So sweetly breathe such fatal breath?

Witch of the thousand snares! I know
  That wave and leaf and light for some
Keep only death or deathless woe:
  I know, I fear, and yet I come.

S. Gertrude Ford.

The Outlook.

HOME RULE.

By the Late Justin McCarthy.

Introductory Note by J. E. Redmond, M.P.

By the kindness of Mr. Hubert Davies I have the opportunity of giving to the public an article in support of Ireland's claim to self-government which was written by my friend, the late Mr. Justin McCarthy, some quarter of a century ago, and which by some accident was never published. It will, I think, interest the public to see how little the argument has changed, either in spirit or in substance, during that lapse of time. The historical case is prefaced with the same apology for assuming that Englishmen in general will be totally ignorant of Irish history which speakers on Home Rule have still to proffer. Yet who can say that the recital of elementary facts in that historical case is not necessary, even for the Englishman of 1913? A good many readers even of this *Review* may, I fancy, learn something from what it sets out with the plain and simple directness of the historian of his own times. Again, Mr. McCarthy insists, as every Home Rule speaker insists to-day, upon the colonial analogy. The argument from Canada holds good. It is strengthened not only by the offer of Canadian Dreadnoughts, but by the parallel and not less remarkable case of appeasement in South Africa brought to pass by the gift of freedom. Again, there is the same allusion to Protestant fears, the same examination of what Mr. McCarthy so well calls "the imaginary Ulster" of Tory fiction. Changes there have been, but every one of these changes has strengthened the argument for Home Rule. It is not only in the Corporations, but in the County and District Councils and the whole organization of local government that Ireland has made her preparation for the task which awaits her in College Green. As for the Irish party, what Mr. McCarthy wrote holds good: it remains separate from other parties, united, solid, proof against all vicissitudes of electoral change—proof, too, against every temptation which might have threatened its cohesion and discipline. It is pleasant to think that almost the only seat which was held by a Nationalist in 1886, and subsequently was lost, Derry City, for which Mr. McCarthy was then a member, has now been restored to its allegiance.

I think, too, we may claim that the spirit of moderation and good-will towards our opponents in Ireland which breathes in every line of this article is the spirit of Nationalist Ireland to-day.

Students of modern political history will note with interest Mr. McCarthy's reference to the election of Charles Stewart Parnell as Chairman of the Irish party. They will be attracted by the comparison which Mr. McCarthy, fresh from the events of 1885, drew between Lord Carnarvon and Lord Durham. But, after all, the essential interest lies in the fact that what Mr. McCarthy said in the name of Irish Nationalism in 1886 is precisely what my colleagues and I are saying in Parliament and out of it, in another century. The claim of Ireland is supported by arguments of justice and of policy from which the lapse of time has taken nothing, and to which the experience of intervening years has added confirmatory instances in every quarter of the British Empire.

J. E. Redmond.

The title which I have chosen for

this pamphlet has at least the advantage of expressing with precision and sufficient fulness my own idea as to the nature of the task I am going to undertake. It is my wish to make clear to English readers what is the distinct national cause which the Irish Parliamentary party represent in the Imperial Parliament, and why Ireland should have a national cause to plead there. I intend to describe the methods her representatives have adopted in order to accomplish that success, which is now apparently, to quote Mr. Gladstone's memorable expression, "within measurable distance." I desire to describe both the forces of opposition to the Irish cause and the forces that are friendly to it.

I have been in the struggle myself, and know the men. In that sense I have a story to tell. Nearly ten years ago I ventured to say to the House of Commons that before long the question of Home Rule would make and unmake Ministries, and when it came to that the cause of Home Rule would be virtually won. It has come to that already. The cause of Home Rule makes and unmakes Ministries; it will make and unmake Ministries until it is won.

In the meanwhile, it may interest English readers to follow the story of the Irish Movement as told by one who has marched in the ranks, who has shouldered a musket or trailed a pike in the cause of Home Rule. What is Home Rule? What is the demand that the Irish representatives, speaking in the name and with the authority of the Irish people, are presenting to the Imperial Parliament? Do we demand any new thing, anything unprecedented, exceptional, unreasonable in principle, or likely to be dangerous in its operation to the welfare of the Empire? No, we ask for nothing of the kind. Some newspapers write even still as if the proposal for a Home Rule system for Ireland was an audacious innovation; it would be simply a restoration. Some public men talk even still as if the union of the English and Irish Parliaments into one were at least as old as the Flood. But the Act of Union is, in the historical sense, a thing of the day before yesterday. The Act of Union came into force on the first day of the first year of the present century. Up to that time, and almost since the beginning of the connection of this country and Ireland, Ireland has always had her own Parliament sitting in Dublin to administer the affairs and see to the national interests of the country. Undoubtedly the Irish Parliament was, at various stages of its existence, very unlike in its conditions to what would be regarded here or in America as a national assembly. It was not representative in the modern or in the true sense; and it was wretchedly dependent on the Crown or on that Council which was the mere instrument of the Crown. Still, it was a Parliament, and asserted its authority when it could. So long ago as 1372 there was a conflict of authority between the English Parliament and the Irish. The English Parliament insisted that Ireland must raise a larger sum to meet the charges of Irish administration. The King summoned the Irish Parliament to England to debate the disputed question. The Irish Parliament replied by a declaration that they were in no wise bound to send a delegation to England; but that nevertheless, as it was the King's wish, they would do so, specially reserving their own rights, and, of course, among the rest that of granting or refusing the additional subsidy asked of them.

Poynings' Act, as it is called, the Act which was projected and carried in 1494 by Sir Edward Poynings, Deputy Governor of Ireland, reduced

the Irish Parliament to a certain degree of dependency on the Crown and the Advisers of the Crown and the English Parliament. In other words, Sir Edward Poynings obtained the passing of legislation which decreed that an Irish Parliament should not be summoned until the principles of any measures intended to be submitted to such Irish Parliament had been submitted to the English Government and approved by them. Poynings' Act also extended to Ireland any legislation passed for England by the English Parliament. Undoubtedly Poynings' Act or Acts reduced the power of the Irish Parliament so much as to make it a little better than a mere recording agency of the will of the English Sovereign. But it will have to be borne in mind that at that time the English Parliament was itself hardly better than a mere recording agency of the will of the Sovereign. The English Parliament sometimes chafed at the yoke, and so also did the Parliament of Ireland. In March, 1720, an Act was passed to settle a conflict of authority between the two Parliaments, a measure introduced by the English Government, the preamble of which declared that "attempts have lately been made to shake off the subjection of Ireland unto and dependence upon the Imperial Crown of this realm, which will be of dangerous consequence to Great Britain and Ireland." The meaning of this portentous preamble was that the Irish House of Lords persisted in assuming the right to act as the final court of appeal "to examine, correct, and amend the judgments and decrees of the Courts of Justice in the Kingdom of Ireland." The Bill declared that the Irish House of Lords had no such right, and that the right now entirely belonged to the House of Lords in England. The Act was passed, of course, in the English Parliament. But a great English Peer, the Duke of Leeds, recorded his protest against it, on the ground, among many others, that this "taking away of the jurisdiction of the Lords' House in Ireland may be a means to disquiet the Lords there, and disappoint the King's affairs." I dwell on these facts to show that for centuries there was a distinct Irish Parliament endowed with authority of some sort to manage the affairs of Ireland. Of course, it is a fact that during the greater part of its history it was simply a Parliament of English Protestants settled in Ireland and having no manner of sympathy with the vast majority of the Irish people. But it is also a fact that the sympathies of the Irish people, whenever they had an opportunity of showing them, were with the Irish Parliament, and were for upholding its authority against the English Parliament, simply because it was the Irish Parliament; because, at least, it was called the Irish Parliament; because it recognized in name, if only in name, the existence of an Ireland which was entitled to a National Parliament.

Of course, it did not represent the Irish people. But neither did the English Parliament at that time, or for a long time after, represent the English people. The English Parliament was, until very nearly our own time, absolutely dependent on the personal will and even the personal caprice of the Sovereign. Queen Victoria is positively the first really constitutional Sovereign who ever sat on the throne of Great Britain.

As the English Parliament kept advancing step by step in independence, the Irish Parliament kept advancing also; and I shall soon show that on at least one great question of civil liberty the Irish Parliament, with all its faults, was about a quarter of a century ahead of the Parliament at

Westminster. At all events, I have said quite enough to impress on my readers' minds the fact that during many centuries Ireland had a distinct and separate Parliament of her own—a fact which some of them may not remember. For it may be asked, Why tell us all this? Is it not written down in history? Yes, it is written down in history, but we do not all of us read and remember everything that is written down in history, especially in the history of Ireland. Lest my English readers should think I am unreasonably disparaging their degree of familiarity with the facts of Irish history, let me tell them of what occurred during a debate some time ago on the Irish question in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone was making a speech, and in the course of it he referred to something done by the Irish Parliament before 1782—the year when Poynings' Act was repealed and the independence of the Irish Parliament was restored. A law official of the present Government, a man of eloquence and capacity, interrupted Gladstone with the words, "There was no Irish Parliament before 1782." Mr. Gladstone paused like one thunder-stricken. "Does the honorable and learned gentleman," he asked in amazement, "really mean to deny that there was an Irish Parliament before 1782?" "Certainly I do," was the confident and complacent answer. I believe the honorable and learned gentleman was speaking quite sincerely. I believe he honestly did not know that there ever was an Irish Parliament before the days of Grattan and the Volunteers. Why should he know? How should he know? Of course, he was not likely to read Irish history or Irish newspapers. His predecessor in the same office actually, under a Liberal Government, declared once in the House of Commons, with a look of lordly contempt, that he never read the Irish newspapers. Why then should the Solicitor-General under a Tory Government be expected to know that there was an Irish Parliament before 1782? Were not the only London newspapers which he was likely to read telling him and the world every day that the cry for an Irish Parliament was a cry for an audacious innovation to which Englishmen of to-day could never listen, and of which Englishmen in the happier yesterday had never heard? I was talking to an English lady, wife of an eminent London physician, and she told me, to my surprise, that she had become a complete convert to the cause of Home Rule. I was delighted to hear it. "Do you know why I have become converted?" she asked me. I said I did not know. "Because for the first time in my life I have read the history of Ireland," she told me. "I wish you would get your husband to read it also," I suggested. She laughed, and said, "Oh, I have tried to persuade him to, but he won't; he says it might convert him, and in his position it would not suit him to be a Home Ruler." For we all know that it is only too true that a man who makes his living out of the aristocratic classes here would find it much to his disadvantage to be a Home Ruler or a sympathizer with the Irish National Cause. As long as he can say he knows nothing about it, he is safe. Thus he can reconcile his conscience and his position. It may be taken as an axiom that the man who does not want to become a Home Ruler must not read Irish history.

This demand for Home Rule, then, is not a novelty. An Irish Parliament, whatever it might be, would not be an innovation. I suppose I may take it that these two facts at least are beyond dispute. I come then to another consideration. Is there anything

unreasonable in asking for a system of Home Rule for Ireland? The Empire of Queen Victoria is for the most part an agglomeration of home-ruled communities. The Canadian Dominion and Provinces, the Australian and Australasian Colonies are governed by themselves. The South African Colonies have their representative systems and their Home Rule. These Colonies, it may be said, are too far away from England to be of any danger to her should a turbulent spirit ever arise. I should say that in the case of Canada at least, the distance from England greatly increases the danger, as was felt pretty keenly in political circles here during the progress of the dispute about the Alabama Claims. However, let that pass, and let us take the instance of communities that are not far away from England. Take the Channel Islands, almost within gunshot of the English shore. The Channel Islands are peopled by a French population; French is the official language of the legislatures, of the courts of law, of the Royal Court. Yet these French populations are allowed to manage their own affairs. We never hear anything about them in Westminster; we never hear anything about them for the good reason that they are allowed to manage their own affairs. Take the little Isle of Man, the holiday place of Manchester and Liverpool excursionists. The Isle of Man has not only a Home Rule system, but it has a system absolutely different in every way from anything known in England or the great English Colonies. The little island is allowed to manage its affairs after its own fashion, in accordance with its own traditions. We never hear anything about the Isle of Man in the Imperial Parliament. If, then, there are so many Home Rule communities already under the English Crown, what reason is there on the face of things why one other Home Rule community should not be added to the number? In every one of these Home Rule communities, Home Rule has either created for the first time, or kept up, prosperity, peace, and content. There is not one single example of Home Rule of a genuine kind working the other way. But the claim of Ireland is much stronger than the claim for Canada. For instance, when Home Rule was demanded for Canada it was undoubtedly an innovation and an experiment. It might have been asked—it very often was asked—of Canada and Canada's advocates, "Why do you cry out for this new thing? Why do you call on us to make this rash experiment?" But this question cannot be asked of the representatives of Ireland. They ask for no new thing; they ask that the old condition of things shall be restored; they ask that Ireland shall have its own again. The system has worked for good, and nothing but good, wherever it has been tried. But in other cases it was undeniably an innovation; in the case of Ireland it will be merely a restitution.

I need hardly go about to prove elaborately that the Home Rule system has worked well in the great English Colonies; but I may say something about Canada. What was the condition of Canada? The same antagonisms of race and creed that people now lament in Ireland were to be found in Canada. Canada, like Ireland, was virtually governed from Westminster. The Governor-General's offices were for Canada what Dublin Castle is for Ireland. What was the consequence? The French Canadian detested the English and Scotch Canadian; the Catholic hated the Protestant, and the Protestant hated the Catholic. All were agreed on one point and one point only: detestation

of the centralized system of government. Lower Canada went into rebellion; Upper Canada went into rebellion. The English Government struck a rare stroke of good luck. They sent out as Commissioner to restore Canada to order a statesman and a man of genius, Lord Durham. Lord Durham's name has been curiously forgotten in our time. His work survives him, however, and the prosperity of the Dominion of Canada is his monument. I find it hard to forgive the people of Quebec for having changed the name of "Durham Terrace" into "Dufferin Terrace." Lord Dufferin is a man of great ability, varied accomplishments, and charming manners, and he did a great deal for Quebec. I daresay he would be a much more agreeable man to dine with than the hot-tempered and overbearing Lord Durham. But Lord Durham was a man of genius, and the Dominion of Canada is trophy of his genius. Lord Durham saw that there was but one remedy for the ills of Canada, and that remedy was Home Rule. He saw that the only possible way of governing a country in which there are different races, different religions, different habits, different traditions, is on the principle of what we may call, for lack of any better expression, the federal system of government. He laid the foundation of that system in the Canada of his time, and his scheme provided for the expansion of the system into the Canada of our time. He found Canada distracted by intestine dissensions and hatreds, unprosperous, retrograding, in bitter enmity with the parent country, a source of weakness and even of shame to England. What is Canada now? A peaceful and prosperous country, growing and expanding in resources and in strength every day—a country which never gives England a moment's trouble. If England could only, at any time within the last ten or a dozen years, have sent us in Ireland a Lord Durham! If only she had the Lord Durham to send! Lord Caernarvon might have been a Lord Durham—only he was not. "What's impossible can't be, and very seldom comes to pass." I fully believe that Lord Caernarvon had every wish to be the Lord Durham of Ireland. But even if he wanted nothing else, he wanted the imperial, the imperious, mind of Lord Durham.

It is a curious study now to read the debates in Parliament on the proposals of Lord Durham. The objections made by opponents of the schemes might be quoted word for word as speeches made by Conservatives or by Secessionist Liberals against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme. If we adopt Lord Durham's plan, we shall leave the loyal minority at the mercy of the disloyal majority; we shall leave our Protestant co-religionists at the mercy of Catholic bigotry. It will mean, it is meant to mean, the separation of Canada from England. The really respectable and intelligent people of Canada are all against it; only the sedition-mongers are in favor of it. It is not really a Canadian movement at all; it is a movement fostered and kept up altogether by supplies of money from the United States. The enemies of England are doing it all, and Lord Durham is only the tool of the enemies of England. Lord Durham's official title was Lord High Commissioner. *The Times* of that day—very like in fairness and intelligence to *The Times* of this day—used to make it a practice to call him "the Lord High Seditioner." Glancing at some of those old leading articles lately, I thought how wonderfully like they are to the attacks which *The Times* makes every day on Mr. Gladstone. I felt almost like Vivian Grey when, as he is talking to the mediatized Prince of Turri-

parva over the Prince's schemes and plans and ambitions, his mind goes back to the far-distant days when he talked over the some kind of thing under different conditions with the English Marquis of Carabas, and found it all silly and weary and provocative of sleep; and he thinks within himself that, after all, time is nothing, and that, from the Marquis of Carabas to the Prince of Turriparva, there is not the transit of a moment.

From *The Times* denouncing Lord Durham to *The Times* denouncing Mr. Gladstone, there is no distance to be traversed; it is the same thing. A Rip Van Winkle who had fallen asleep while *The Times* was droning over the pacificator of Canada might well believe it was just the same old drone still going on if he happened to wake up at a right moment and hear *The Times* droning over Mr. Gladstone. Lord Durham recks little now what *The Times* said then; little need has Mr. Gladstone to reck, even now, what *The Times* says of him.

I have often been asked, and in perfect good faith, by English friends who were not indisposed to turn with sympathy to the Irish Cause, "What security could you give for the rights of the Protestant minority under an Irish National Parliament?" Well, I should say, to begin with, that the Irish Catholics are ready to give every statutable security for the protection of the Protestant minority that the wit of man can devise. We said this during the debates on Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure. "Give us a Statutory Parliament, and put into the Statute that creates the Parliament any security you will for the protection of the Protestant minority, and we shall accept it; for we wish the Protestants to be protected as well as you do." But I say with the most perfect sincerity that I do not believe any statutory protection would be really necessary. What security would there be under an Irish National Parliament for the protection of the rights of the Protestant minority? What security for the rights of the men whose co-religionists have at all times, and in the darkest hours of our Irish national history, taken the most active and the most splendid part in the championship of the cause of the nation? Why, I say that if the living were unable to protect the Irish Protestants, the dead in their graves would prove their ample shield and shelter. A Roman poet has pictured Hannibal as guarded at his table against the attempts of his enemies by the shadows of his great victories. The Irish Protestant is forever guarded in Ireland by the shadows of his great co-religionists who struggled and died—who were sacrificed for the cause of Ireland. The very names upon the gravestones—the one gravestone in Dublin City which is left purposely without a name—would be a protection better than any statute law. The names on the tombs of Wolfe Tone and Edward Fitzgerald, Thomas Addis Emmet, Hamilton Rowan, Smith O'Brien, Thomas Davis, John Mitchell, and John Martin—that tomb unmarked by a name which covers the remains of Robert Emmet—these would alone be warrant for the safety of Protestants in Ireland. Time has added to these the name of Issac Butt; will add to them the name of Charles Stewart Parnell. Many an Irish Catholic is generously jealous of the noble part which his Protestant fellow-countrymen have taken in the struggle for the Irish National Cause. Does any rational man really think that the services of these patriots could ever be forgotten in Ireland? Does anyone suppose that Irishmen are so unlike all other human beings that they would make use of their legislative freedom to oppress the co-religionists of the

very men who won that legislative independence for them? No; until you can efface from the memory of Ireland all record of her past history, until you can sponge out of the Irish heart that feeling of gratitude which used to be thought its peculiar characteristic, there will never be needed any protection for the Irish Protestant other than that which is given by the gratitude and the sympathy and the love of his Irish Catholic fellow-subject and brother.

In truth, they curiously misunderstand the Irish Cause who fancy it has anything to do with the struggles of sect against sect. The clearest, the most striking, evidences can be given to the contrary. Since the Home Rule Parliamentary party, under that name, has existed, it has had three leaders. The Home Rule party has always been essentially democratic in its constitution, and it selects its leaders by the vote of the majority. The first leader chosen was Mr. Isaac Butt, an Episcopalian Protestant. When Mr. Butt died, we elected—I was then myself a member of the party—Mr. William Shaw, an Ulster Presbyterian, to succeed him. After it had become plain that Mr. Shaw was not advanced enough for the position, we elected in his place another Episcopalian Protestant, in the person of Mr. Parnell. Thus far the party, the great majority of which are Catholics, has never had a Catholic leader. More than this, it never had a Catholic leader proposed for its acceptance. We elect our leader every year. At the opening of each Session someone proposes that this one or that be elected Chairman of the party—that is, Leader. Any member of the party can propose any other name. No Catholic name ever was proposed or suggested. I consider this strong enough evidence that there is not much sectarian feeling in the party or in the country. Of course, it may be said that of late years Mr. Parnell's qualifications are so surpassing that no fervor of Catholic bigotry could think of deposing him. Quite true; but there was a time when the party were not so certain, when the work was not so certain, of Mr. Parnell's qualifications; when he was young and untried; when some thought his Parliamentary policy all a mistake. There was the occasion, for example, when he was pitted against Mr Shaw. He was elected by only a small majority over Mr. Shaw. I spoke on that occasion myself, and I said that I personally would rather not make any change at such a time; that if up to that moment Mr. Shaw had not been quite a satisfactory leader, it was perhaps because he had not entirely understood the feelings and desires of the majority of the Irish people, and I personally would have been in favor of giving him another chance. Since, however, Mr. Parnell had been proposed as leader of the party—I was standing as I spoke just between Mr. Shaw and Mr. Parnell—I could not have the slightest doubt as to the vote I was to give; I should unhesitatingly vote for Mr. Parnell as the man best qualified to lead the Irish party, and in whom the people of Ireland had the fullest confidence. I mention all this now only to illustrate the fact that the Catholic members of the party—and they were many—who chafed at Mr. Shaw's leadership never thought of looking about for a Catholic to lead them. On the other hand, there were some, not a few, Catholics then in the party who thought Mr. Parnell far too extreme a man to make a safe leader; but none of them put forward the name of a Catholic. In fact, the question of Catholic and Protestant was never raised, was never talked, and was, I firmly believe, never thought of, in connection with the

choice of a leader for the Irish Parliamentary party. Yet if there were any feelings of distrust on one side or the other, then surely it was the time when such feelings must find some sort of expression. Those who talk about the rival bigotries of Catholic and Protestant in Ireland are talking of a long-buried past, or they are talking of what they do not understand. There are the Orangemen, of course, and many of them are bigoted and savage enough in all conscience; and, as is inevitable, by showing themselves bigoted and savage they drive some of their opponents into acts of retaliation. But no one who knows Ireland really believes that the Orangemen represent the intelligence and the respectability, the good-feeling and the patriotism of the Protestants of Ireland. The Orangemen of Ireland are a very small number of men when compared to the population of the country. I should as soon think of describing the old Ku-Klux organization as representative of the people of America, North and South, as I should think of regarding the bigotry of Irish Orangemen as any indication of the general feeling of Irish Protestants. Then also we must make allowance even for the Orangemen. The ascendency of a sect for which they have been struggling so long and so fiercely is gone forever, and they know it. All their political hopes have left, or, at all events, are leaving them. A Nationalist sits for one of the divisions of Belfast itself. A Nationalist sits for Derry City. Of the representatives of the province of Ulster, the majority are Nationalists. Nationalism has a majority of the population as it has a majority of representation of Ulster. Take my own case. I sit for Derry City, long believed to be the very stronghold and fastness of Orange ascendency. In Derry City at the time when I was elected the Catholics were far indeed from having a majority of the votes. If it had been a question of Catholic against Protestant, I should not have had the smallest chance in Derry, should never have thought of contesting the seat. I sit for Derry by virtue of the votes which patriotic Protestants gave me.

Let us look at this matter from another point of view. Let us come to the provinces and counties which we call Catholic distinctively; the constituencies where five voters out of six are Catholic, where no man could possibly have the faintest hope of success, except through the favor of the Catholic voters? What has happened in many of these constituencies? Episcopalian Protestants and Presbyterians from Ulster have been invited to stand for the Catholic constituencies, and now represent them in the House of Commons. Who ever said during all that time, "We won't have a Protestant member; we must have representatives of our own faith?" The Catholic who ventured to suggest such an idea would have met with very little support from his neighbor of his own faith. It was very significant, and very touching as well, when, during the debate on Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, man after man arose from among the Parnellite ranks and began his speech in some such words as these: "Mr. Speaker, I rise as an Ulster Protestant to advocate this measure of Home Rule for Ireland." Nothing is more extraordinary, is more misleading, is more absurd, than the manner in which some writers and speakers treat of what they are pleased to call "Protestant Ulster." They have created for themselves an entirely imaginary Ulster, an Ulster composed of anti-national Protestants only, an Ulster living within a pale of anti-national sentiment, an Ulster which, in the event of any Home Rule scheme being introduced and likely to

pass, would pray to be legislatively annexed to Scotland rather than endure companionship with Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. The real Ulster is one in which the Catholic and Protestant population are very nearly equal in numbers, and are, for the most part, mixed up inextricably. There are, of course, places, like certain divisions of the City of Belfast, which may be called altogether Protestant; and there is also the county of Donegal, which may be called altogether Catholic. If we have regard to politics only, we shall find that of the Ulster counties, a fourth part of Down, a third part of Armagh, half of Tyrone, the whole of Donegal, the whole of Cavan, and the whole of Monaghan, are represented by Nationalists. Mr. Chamberlain has some delightful plan for exempting the whole of Ulster from the rule of a National Parliament. How will he do it? All the frontier counties, if I may call them so, the counties which draw near and nearer to Leinster and Connaught, are Nationalist. I suppose he would hardly say to the inhabitants of these counties, "We don't care what you think or what you want; we say you shall not be joined with the rest of Ireland." But then it is not these frontier counties alone that are Nationalist. Far away in the north there is Donegal, entirely Catholic and entirely Nationalist. Londonderry and Antrim are, in fact, the only counties where any case could possibly be made out for separate legislation. Well, but we had South Londonderry in the last Parliament, and only lost it this time by a small majority obtained against us by the temporary junction of the Secessionist Liberals with the Tories. Is there nothing to be said for the national sentiments of the minority, who are, after all, only a minority in name and in the Parliamentary sense, of the people of South Londonderry? And then, what about the majority of the population of Derry City, the capital of the county, who have declared for Nationalism and elected a follower of Mr. Parnell for their representative? What is the ingenious Mr. Chamberlain going to do with them? What about the population of the western division of the City of Belfast, the capital city of Antrim, who have emphatically declared for Nationalism, and elected my friend Mr. Sexton to represent them in Parliament? What about the simple fact that the majority of the people of Ulster are in favor of an Irish National Parliament? I have no hesitation in saying that if the question be left to Ulster, and to Ulster alone, if the *plèbiscite* of all the men of Ulster be taken, and Leinster, Munster, and Connaught stand out and are silent, the voice of the majority of the men of Ulster will demand Home Rule for Ireland. Look at the absurdity in which the arguments of men like Mr. Chamberlain involve them. So profound is their mistrust of Irish Catholics, so rooted their conviction that, if these Catholics got a chance, they would delight in the oppression of their Protestant fellow-countrymen—including Mr. Parnell, of course—so strong is their conviction of this kind, that they would not consent to leave the Protestants of Ulster at the mercy of an Irish National Parliament. Yet the Protestants of Ulster are many and strong; they have wealth, they have energy. We are always hearing from their English admirers how far superior they are to the population of the other provinces; they have the whole of the Conservative and the Liberal Secessionist party to watch over them, to champion their interests, to secure them against wrong. But these same Liberal Secessionist gentlemen are perfectly willing to abandon the Protestants of Leinster, Munster, and Con-

naught; the Protestants who, in many places, are not in the proportion of one to six among the population. They are entirely willing to leave these Protestants, few, scattered, cut off from Ulster—they are quite willing to commit them to the mercy of an Irish National Parliament. Good gentlemen of the Liberal Secession party, you know very well you don't mean what you are saying. You are not half so bad as you give yourselves out to be. I do not like Mr. Chamberlain now as well as I did once, but I do not believe he is a monster of injustice and inhumanity. And yet what else would he be, if he were willing to abandon the Protestants of the South and West, few and defenceless as they are, to a tyranny which he says would be unendurable to the strong and numerous Protestants of the North? Of course, he would not do anything of the kind. He knows perfectly well that the Protestants of the South would be as safe under an Irish Parliament as the Catholics of the South. He knows very well that the Protestants of the North would be equally safe, but it would not suit him to admit that now. So he sets up an entirely imaginary Ulster, and he tries to fan the dying fires of religious bigotry and sectarian antipathy in England and in Ireland also into a flame again. He is a clever man, and he is not weighed down—in political matters—with any heavy load of scruples. Also he is, for an eminent public man, singularly ignorant of the history of anything except that of modern Birmingham; and absolute ignorance makes a man very bold in his experiments sometimes. But he will never get Ireland to accept his imaginary Ulster; Ulster herself will tell him so if he really wants to hear the truth of the story.

Meanwhile, I am glad and proud to say that the nation is making itself. Ireland is practising the great art of self-government. She is training herself in every way. It is not too much to say that at no other period of Ireland's history did Irishmen at home and abroad ever fall into such well-ordered lines of discipline. The dissension among themselves and internecine quarrels, which destroyed so many hopeful efforts in former times, are unknown in this movement. Many hard things are said every day about the Irish Parliamentary party by its enemies; but no one has ever said of it that it is not a well-disciplined party. No one who looks at the *personnel* of that party can possibly doubt that there must be many differences of opinion among the men who compose it. All sorts and conditions of men are included in that party. There are not a few landlords in it, and there are the sons of peasants. These are soldiers who have won distinction in the service of the Queen; soldiers who have won distinction in the French, the Austrian, the American army; there are men who belonged to the ranks of the Fenian insurrection. There are Irish-Americans; there was —there would be still if he were living —one man of entirely English blood. There are some rich bankers; there are clever and successful lawyers; there are one or two working artisans; there are sharp, shrewd men of business; there are journalists and novelists and poets and learned professors. It would be impossible to believe that a party thus made up could always find itself in spontaneous agreement of opinion. Yet the party always meets the House of Commons as a united party; as one man. The explanation of this is that the Irish party debate every question in their private meetings, and "bolt it to the bran," the youngest and rawest recruit having as good a right to be heard, and obtaining as good a hearing, as the

most distinguished of the veterans; and the discussion is sometimes keen and warm enough. And when all who desire to speak have spoken, the leader of the party then gives his opinion, or else declares, as he has often done, that it is a subject on which he prefers the guidance of the party without expressing any opinion of his own; and then a division is taken and the party is bound by the fundamental principle of its constitution to abide by the vote of its majority. So the Nationalist Irish members come out of their committee-room and pass into the House of Commons; and when the division is taken they vote as one man. Keen is the curiosity, the anxiety, the eagerness felt all through the House of Commons, on the eve of some great division, about the vote of the Irish party. Sometimes there are reasons which make it fitting and necessary for us to keep our decision a secret to the last moment; and when this is resolved on, the secret is faithfully kept. All this is training for self-government. Then take the institutions of Ireland herself. The only really representative bodies we have are the Corporations and Town Councils of the large cities. What has happened in these assemblies? Although the municipal franchise is still a very narrow and restricted one in most of our communities, yet the National party have taken possession of nearly all those corporate bodies. Wherever there is any reality in the representative system, there the electors sent Nationalists to represent them. No one can deny that the cause of municipal government has benefited immensely by the change from the condition of things when only Tories and old-fashioned "Whigs," as they are called in Ireland, had possession of our corporate bodies. The same healthy breath of national public opinion which purified the representation has purified also the atmosphere of municipal life. Town Councils which were hotbeds of jobbery and something like corruption then, are above suspicion now. It is to the honor of the present municipal legislators, who are, of course, Catholics in the great majority, that, although they have succeeded to men who always, when they could, would contrive to shut out Catholics from every sort of public employment, they have never, in even the smallest instance, where public employment was concerned, made the slightest difference between the services of Protestants and those of Catholics. No one who knows the places—no one who ever saw such cities a few years ago, and has seen them lately—will deny that the Nationalist Town Councils have shown a capacity and an energy for public work which certainly was not known to, or at all events, exhibited by, their predecessors. Great public improvements have been made, public funds have been managed economically, sanitary arrangements have been introduced which would do credit to the greatest of English cities. The bitterest anti-Nationalist would not think of making such charges against the Corporation of the City of Dublin as those which were lately made, and which formed the subject of public scandal and public investigation against the Corporation of the City of London. Our Boards of Guardians are not representative, at least, they only admit the principle of representation half way—not quite half way. The majority of the members of these Boards are nominated by the Crown; a certain number are elected by the people, but on a somewhat narrow franchise. Where the representative principle prevails the Nationalist candidates are always, or almost always, elected. Our grand juries are an institution which I trust is unknown to any other civilized

people. As Sydney Smith humorously said, when speaking of the Irish State Church in the old days, "Nothing that we know of the internal condition of Timbuctoo would warrant us in supposing that the people of that country would put up with such an anomaly." An Irish grand jury is not only a tribunal of first instance in criminal law, but it is also the financial body entrusted with the raising and the spending of money for roadmaking, bridgemaking, and all other such country works; and it is a body nominated by the County Sheriff, who is himself nominated by the Castle. It is hardly necessary to say that the Irish National party do not command a majority in the grand juries. Indeed, this fact in itself may be said to tell the whole story. Where the people elect the National party always have the majority. Where the Castle appoints good care is taken that only men are employed whom the people would never elect. We had a curious instance lately, in Dublin, of the manner in which even old Castle strongholds have sometimes to yield to the change in the condition of things. Dublin City has a right to appoint her Sheriff in this way. The Corporation submits to the Lord-Lieutenant the names of three men, and the Lord-Lieutenant selects one of the three. This plan worked most satisfactorily for the British Garrison party, so long as the City Council was altogether in the hands of the Tories and the Whigs. The sort of men from whom the Castle would always be glad to choose were invariably submitted to the Castle. But now, behold, the condition of things has entirely changed. The Dublin Town Council has only a very few members who are not staunch Home Rulers, and last year the Council astonished the Castle by presenting as the three names from which the selection for the Sheriff's office was to be made the names of Mr. Sexton, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Healy. What was to be done? Mr. Dillon at that time was actually under prosecution by the Castle. Mr. Healy and Mr. Sexton were uncompromising and avowed enemies of the whole Castle system. They had all three been in prison, either on some political charge or under Mr. Forster's Suspicion Act, by which a man could be imprisoned against whom no charge had been made or was even intended to be made. What was to be done? The Lord-Lieutenant had to make a choice, the Act of Parliament said so; the Act which was made at a time when there was as little thought of a Nationalist Town Council in Dublin as of popular government in Siberia. The Lord-Lieutenant saw no better way of getting out of the difficulty than that of appointing Mr. Sexton, over whose head, at least, no Castle prosecution was hanging just at that moment. Not many cities have, I imagine, a great orator for their High Sheriff. Everyone remembers how in the immortal novel of the elder Dumas, "Monte Cristo," the prisoner of the Château d'If tries to keep up his bodily strength, through all the horrible darkness and wasting weariness of his cell, by physical exercise. He has set his heart on escape. He believes with a kind of passionate faith that, sooner or later, he will be free; and he determines that when the hour comes which finds him free, it shall find him also a strong and capable man, ready to defend his friends and be revenged on his enemies. I have sometimes thought that what is told of Edmond Dantes might in a manner be said of Ireland. During the long term of her imprisonment the mind of the country was set on enfranchisement, and was determined to be able to make fitting use of legislative independence when, in the mercy of Providence, the hour for legislative independence should come. So,

through all these years, the Irish people have been training themselves for the work of self-government in order that there may be no delay; that they may be ready when the time arrives. Thus we see, under our very eyes, the forming of a nation going on. When the day comes, and it is but a short way off now, on which the Imperial Parliament shall say to Ireland, "We emancipate you from subjection; we give you your own Parliament; go and form yourselves into a nation," Ireland, speaking with pride for her people, can say, "Behold we *are* a nation, trained and taught—self-trained, self-taught—for all the responsibilities and all the work of a nation."

The English Review.

GEORGE CABOT LODGE.

Are there in Italy six persons who know the name of Lodge and the titles of the six volumes of poetry left by him, one of which, the "Herakles," is a masterpiece? It is very doubtful if there are so many and this is not surprising when one considers that in his own country he is hardly less unknown. It was indeed scarcely to be expected that the sublime message of the ancient wisdom of India, coming through the medium of Schopenhauer, which Lodge repeated, should have been either listened to or understood by Americans of the last quarter of the century just passed. Now that message has been lovingly brought together and interpreted by his biographer, Mr. Henry Adams, and from the poet's letters to his parents, his friends, and his betrothed comes forth a noble and serene figure in wonderful harmony with his thought.

Mr. Lodge was born in Boston on the tenth of October, 1873, when the ideals of the Civil War were already remote and forgotten and when no others had yet arisen to take their place. Neither from Emerson, who died in 1882, before Lodge was ten years old, nor from Longfellow, who died in the same year, nor from his family (his father, a Senator, was absorbed in politics and in public affairs) nor from the Society in which he lived could there have come to him the poetic impulse. Poetry was in his own soul and the ocean by which he lived in summer at Nahant, ten miles from Boston, was his first master. He likened his own thoughts to the wave: as is the wave with the sea so did he feel himself one with nature and with the forces of nature he identified himself: his first poem is the "Song of the Wave." In this imagery and in that of the "Norseman" his pantheism finds its first and already perfect expression: he sings of the happy time when nature showed herself to the Norseman in all her pure beauty, when men had not yet scrawled their lies on "this parchment of God." It is the sigh of Ruskin.

In his eighteenth year he entered Harvard College where at that time as in later years he read and studied by preference the literature of France: at twenty-one he knew well Balzac, Flaubert, De Vigny, Musset, Hugo, Leconte de Lisle, Renan: he planned a volume to be called "Studies in Pessimism," and above all he sought the true form for his poetry, lingering by the way to make acute reflections upon the Petrarchan Sonnet. It is noteworthy that he always preferred the foreign and especially the French and Italian forms to the English model. He writes to his mother: "I am never satisfied with what I do, never contented with my expression of what I wish to ex-

press, and yet I hope and sometimes feel that it is possible I may do something permanent in value." This is the discontent of the true artist.

In Paris, whither he went to complete his university education, he did not feel at ease; the methods and purposes of art were all different. But he there made a thorough study of the Romance languages and literatures, acquiring at the same time a perfect mastery of both Italian and Spanish. In the winter of 1896-97 we find him in Berlin; with ardor he studies German, "a language infernally hard." In the spring of 1898 he published his first collection of verses, the "Song of the Wave" already referred to. The volume contained about eighty short poems, one half sonnets, and one of these, which is most beautiful, is entitled "Nirvana" and has a commentary by the author. In the brief war with Spain he served with distinction on board the "Dixie." He fell in love with Elizabeth Davis and in August, 1900, they were married. For the wife as for the betrothed he wrote affecting and noble lyrics, which appeared in the little volume of "Poems" published in 1902. A happy husband and father, his life went on tranquilly, cheered by the affection of his family and by friendship which he felt in the keenest way for chosen spirits like his own; it is enough to recall in this connection the letters to Stickney, who died shortly before him, to Langdon Mitchell, to Marjorie Nott. But his ardor in study and his thirst for knowledge (during a second sojourn in Paris he mastered Egyptian sufficiently to read the hieroglyphics "with considerable fluency"), added to the mental energy consumed by the production in a few years of two monumental works of poetry and philosophy like "Cain" and "Herakles" undermined his robust constitution and prepared the way for the insidious cardiac weakness which so prematurely broke him down.

Mr. Lodge adopted the dramatic form in "Cain" (November, 1904) in which the central thought anticipates the "Herakles": either to bow to destiny, or to assert one's self; to make one's self the slave of nature, or to dominate it. Abel represents submission to a force not his own; Cain, free will; faith is dominant in the first, free thought in the second. Adam does not enter, properly, into the drama, nor could he succeed in being sympathetic, for he is not sympathetic even in Milton's poem. But Eve is one of the most tender and noble creations of the poet, who is a master in depicting the patient and serene resignation of the woman in sorrow, as well as the sad trustfulness with which she supports her own sacrifice and the consequences of the sacrifice of another. With how much motherly tenderness do the words of Eve to the son who has been driven out by the divine anger after the fratricide, vibrate!

Go forth, go forth, lonely and godlike man!
My heart will follow tho' my feet must stay.
Yet in thy solitude shall there be a woman
To care for thee thro' the incessant days,
To lie beside thee in the desolate nights,
To love thee as thy soul shall love the truth!
In her thy generation shall conceive
Passionate daughters, strong and fierce-eyed sons
To lift the light and bear the labor of truth
Whereof the spark is mine, the fire is thine!

Between the first drama and the last came two other volumes of verse: "The Great Adventure" (1905) containing seventy-five sonnets upon the themes of Love and Death, and "The Soul's Inheritance" (written in 1906 but pub-

lished posthumously) which anticipated some of the various motives more amply developed in the "Herakles." In this last drama is really concentrated all the force of his thought, his conception of the world of man, all the mystic ardor of his soul, all the force and grace and splendor of his poetry. And while in speaking of the other works I have been obliged to seek help from the comments of his biographer I may be permitted to gratify myself by discussing more fully the last poem, the only one which I have been able to read—and read again—in its entirety. It is at once the most ample (by itself it is almost equal in amount to all the others taken together) and the most difficult. I shall not even attempt a complete analysis, but shall limit myself to pointing out the unfolding of the action, through which the poet follows the story of Diodorus, and the passages which are most remarkable for splendor of form or profundity of thought. That Mr. Lodge should have taken Herakles as the protagonist in a symbolic drama, as the representative of the evolution of the soul which seeks and finds itself and so discovers that it is one and identical with the divine mind, is easily understood. The Greeks had already seen in him the ascent of man to God through the struggles and labors which had set him free. Already the Stoics —Seneca among the first—had noted the resemblance between Herakles and Christ; both sons of God who fought and suffered for men. From the funeral pile Herakles ascended to the immortality of Olympus as Christ rose from the Cross to Paradise. Beside the Greek hero stands the sorrowing Alcmena, a pale prelude to the "Mater Dolorosa." In modern times the idealization has been again taken up and developed by Schiller and by Holderlin, by André Chenier and by Leconte de Lisle, by Verner von Heidenstamm and by many lesser writers. But beside the three supreme masters who have treated the same subject as Mr. Lodge, Aeschylus, Euripides and Shelley (another part of the legend is to be found in the "Trachiniæ" of Sophocles) the American poet stands with honor and no praise could be higher than this.

The drama is divided into twelve scenes and to the personages of the legend (Herakles, Megara, Creon, Alcmena, Iolaus, Teiresias, The Pythia, Prometheus) Mr. Lodge has added the entirely symbolic figures of the Poet and the Woman; the eternal-poet and the eternal-woman who fill in part the place of the ancient chorus, being joined, as we shall see, by an ideal thread to the action of the play.

The opening scene is the deserted agora at Thebes. On a stone bench, set against the wall of a house, the Woman is seated: before her stands the Poet watching the sunset.

The Poet.

The birds go home at sunset, and my heart
Goes home. The day closes its tired wings,
And in the violet evening there are stars
And silence. . . . And the best there was to do,
The best of us we left undone to-day,
Now like a warrior worn with doubtful wars,
Waits for the morrow, heart-sick yet resolved.
The sense of life is secret and serene
At twilight, and the flame of life——

The Woman.

Is love!

But the Poet, who has come to Thebes, from his native Athens with the ever new and ever old hope in his soul, who has learned that in the last perfection of the spirit there is a nobler goal in life than love and in love a nobler love than that of woman, is thinking of a celestial bride, un-

known and yet foreseen, dowered with other beauties than those that have ever yet been sung.

The Poet.

And so all's said,
And I will leave you with your life, your love,
Your laughter—which I neither serve nor share.

The Woman.

It shall not be—I will not leave you now.

The Poet.

Why do you follow me?

The Woman.

I have no light.

It would seem almost as if the drama was attached to and in part conducted with the methods of music. In fact this first scene is like an overture in which is presented the leading motive of the opera; the spirit which is seeking for the inner light. And the motive returns, varied in intensity and in expression, again and again: it is interwoven with others, it becomes more sonorous, more dominant and finally rises triumphant in the peroration of the last scene at the meeting of Herakles with Prometheus.

In the second scene, the hero replies to Creon who has solemnly declared in the presence of the applauding people, that he resigns the throne and the government of the kingdom to Herakles.

Herakles.

But should I find myself, be sure
That I will be a guide unto you all!
By the Gods,
How pitiable a thing is man's regard!
Since you, who count yourself matured in truth,
Can guess no nobler destiny for man
Than all his life to be as you have been,
Public and proud, constrained and crafty-wise,
As fortune served and chance was bountiful:—
Himself, the while, illiberal and unknown,
Captive and undelivered and deceived!
I will be Lord of none,
And thus unto myself be Lord and Law!
I, with the soul's immortal thirst to slake,
How shall I down into the shallow stream
Where beasts and many men have drunk together
And left foul waters strangled in their course?

But the way is long from doubt to truth and in the third scene Herakles is still oppressed with doubts and waits for a signal and a sign. The Poet and the Woman pass by in the darkness. The Poet is repeating a song which poured out from his soul in a day of rapture. He sings of the supreme liberation, of the reunion of the human with the divine soul with which it is identical, as we might read it in a Upanishad, but with a warmth of feeling unknown to the speculation of India, a feeling by which it is made evident that the soul turns to God as the son to his father. The Poet sings:

He is on the road before us, who is Lord and Life and Lover.
He is forward in the fair-way, he is secret, swift and far;
And our eyes shall wake to find him and our hungry hearts discover,
As he leads us, where we follow; as he loves us, what we are!

Where the winds are shouting seaward, where the sea is streaming onward,
Where the Voice calls down to find us, fearless on the starlit way,
We who watch shall make the landfall as the ship drives shoreward, sunward,
Where the mountains rise resplendent, rose-wreathed in the dawn of day!

There his heart shall be our father-house, his arms receive and hold us;—
As he knows us we are equal; as he trusts us we are free!

We shall learn surpassing secrets that
no lips but his have told us,
We shall find in his embrace ourselves transformed to more than we!

And thereafter in his house shall he
alone be Lord and Master;
Life shall yield to his dominion; they shall serve who once were proud;
We shall go with him together up the
pathway fast and faster;
We shall see the stars surround us as his eyes dissolve the cloud!

We shall see the skies stand open; we
shall hear the stars in chorus;
From the shining peaks of thought his voice shall answer, pure and high;
And the spacious gates of light shall
stand asunder full before us;
And, as all alone we enter, we shall know the Lord is I!

The words of the Poet irradiate the mind of Herakles with the light which even then he is seeking. Hitherto there was the beast within him to fight with other beasts, the man was in him to fight with other men; by chance alone he divines that when he fought against the Gods—God was in him. Yes, while beasts have made their lair in him, the serpent and the wolf and the jackal, the ape and the cur, the lion and the hog, profiting by the sleep of the master, whose patient labor has cleared the jungle and built the house and lighted the kindly fire, in his name base and evil actions have been done, and falsity and shame have come in and taken possession. But the Lord will not always sleep! When, wakening again, he shall understand how different he is from all these foul shapes he will level down the caves and dark recesses of the wild beasts, he will make of the jungle a meadow of yellow grain and sweet fruits where the beasts shall be yoked to the ploughshare of his will. "Then," exclaims the hero rapt in his glorious vision,

"He will proclaim the Lord
In word and deed, and celebrate the Lord!
Then shall he know the Lord is I! And feel
That ecstasy of knowledge which is truth,
Which is religion, which is self and soul!"

Thus is the problem set before him; thus does he know already the path which he must tread in order to resolve it.

The fourth scene is in the house of Herakles. Megara, the beautiful and gentle wife of the hero, is singing to her three sleeping children, a sweet song of anxious love, of resignation veiled with sadness:

The rose-wreathed lattice opens wide,
Beyond, the night is calm and deep,—
My little doves lie fast asleep
Like lilies fallen side by side.

They laid them down at evening;
Their eyes were clear as moonlit dew;
Across their brows the sunset threw
The golden shadow of its wing.

They kissed my face, with tender words;
Their eyelids closed as flowers close;
In dreamless, motionless repose
They fell asleep like tired birds.

My children sleep, whose lives fulfil
The soul's tranquillity and trust;
While clothed in life's immortal dust
The patient earth lies dark and still.

No rumor rises from the street;
The stars in silence dawn and die;
The moon goes up the violet sky
And treads the sea with silver feet;

And calm as inward joy, and deep,
Moonlight and starlight flood the room

Where close beside me in the gloom
Softly my little children sleep.

All night they lie against my breast
And sleep, whose dream of life begins:
Before the time of strife and sin,
Of tears and truth, they take their rest.

My little doves, the nest is warm—
Lie close! the dawn shall come too soon.
Sleep, in the quiet of the moon!
Sleep, in the hollow of my arm!

For yesterday is all we are,
Tomorrow all we yet shall be;
The end is where no eye can see. . .
We only know the way is far!

We only know men grow and grieve
And die. . . And death is strange and sore!
O sleep, my darlings, sleep!—before
The time returns to wake—to live!

Herakles listens to the song but his impatient soul will not submit to accepting life as it is without searching out its mystery. Iolaus, who represents common sense and the material side of this life, marvels that Herakles should pursue a distant dream, while in his own house everything is tranquil and prosperous: a loving wife, beloved sons, the royal crown and a name glorious throughout Greece. Vain words; Herakles ever more unquiet and sleepless descends to the lower quarters of the city, where men love and live and rejoice even while they hurry toward the grave. Perchance there the symbol and the sign await him.

We must pass rapidly, although every page shines with vivid beauty, over the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth scenes. The messengers of Eurystheus have come to impose the labors upon Herakles; but the hero, in a burst of anger, almost kills one of the messengers and hurls terrible menaces against the other two. Thus he allows himself to be overcome by the degrading passion against which he rebelled. The Poet despairs of him, but not the Woman. While the hero stands in the anguish of doubt, Teiresias arrives with a divine message that through ruin and desolation Herakles shall find the light and the truth. It is the message of God, and that he may come face to face with that God, Herakles goes to Delphi.

The ninth scene takes place before and within the temple of Apollo; the Pythoness is seated on the Tripod and a chorus of priests and prophets sing of the solemn and inscrutable mystery of life. At last Herakles advances into the sanctuary, he drags away the Pythia, he tears asunder the veil that covers the image of the God—Lo! the sanctuary is empty!

Herakles
(to the Pythia, almost in appeal)

Who is the Lord—the God?—and where is He?—

The Pythia
(as before)

Who asks is answered by His voice;
Who dares advance is on the road;
Whose soul is free and fain to choose,
Has made the truth's transcendent choice;
Who seeks the God has found the God;
Who knocks is Master of the House!

Herakles
(with a great cry)

Mine is the desolation and the death!

The Pythia
(as before)

Yours is the resurrection and the life!

Herakles

I am the God!

The Pythia
(as before)

There is no God but I!—
I am whatever is!
I am despair and hope and love and hate,
Freedom and fate,
Life's plangent cry, Death's stagnant silence! . . . . .

I am the earth and sea and sky,
The race, the runner and the goal;
I am the part and I the whole;—
There is no thought nor thing but I!

Since the Tat Tvam Asi (which—that is Brahma—thou art), since the imaginative strophes of Gelal-eddin, the chief of the Persian mystics, no one has uttered with so much vigor the great word of Pantheism. After this scene, at once solemn and sublime, comes one which is both terrible and agonizing. Alcmena the mother, Megara the wife, the Poet and the Woman, await the return of Herakles each with a different feeling, while the Chorus in effective contrast to the revelation of the first scene proclaims in magnificent strophes the weakness of man when he faces the Gods and the vanity of the effort to throw off his coarse human nature. To this the hero is soon to give a sudden and awful denial. When Herakles enters, transformed by that which he has heard, disdaining all the ties of earth of which in the empty sanctuary he has felt himself the only God; when Megara tries to call him back to his tenderest affections and Alcmena seeks to soften him by showing him his sons, then he completes the inhuman sacrifice. He slays one after another these little innocent creatures and to their mother who weeps horror-stricken over their bodies he cries out:

Rather rejoice! rejoice! Is not the deed
Accomplished? Blood, the blood of Sacrifice—
The dear hearts' blood! . . . . . Behold, these were my children!—
These were my little children! yet I slew
And spared not! God is not more pitiless,
More perfect and inexorable!

It is inevitable that in this scene of sinister grandeur, the symbolic intention should impair its artistic representation. But it is a great merit in Mr. Lodge, by putting the slaughter upon the stage, to have rendered the reality less horrible than when it is described by a messenger as in Euripides, where indeed Herakles is not responsible for his madness, broken as he is in mind by the hatred of the persecuting Goddess.

If the poet's treatment of this part of the legend, which the learned researches of Wilamowitz have shown to be foreign to the original conception, be accepted, it must be admitted that he has given us a motive in full accord with the fundamental idea and in doing so has written one of the most beautiful pages of the drama.

To his mother, to his wife, to the Poet, Herakles is now as one dead: he is an idiot or a madman. But the Woman still believes in him. And indeed the hero reappears grave and calm. With that one wild deed he has destroyed all that is good and fair which life can give but the indestructible soul is saved. Not thus is it understood by Creon who shows to the people in Herakles the punishment of the Gods:

For that his soul grew emulous of God
And strove with God—therefore the hand of God
Fired his brain with madness, and he fell!—
There can be now in all the world no man
So mean, so warred upon by Destiny,
So desperate as to envy Herakles!

Then when the King pronounces the sentence of banishment the hero answers:

I ask not absolution—there is none!
There are no lustral waters in this world
Can cleanse me of their blood or take away
The stigma of their murder! As I am,
So I depart into the future, so

I make life's issue of the soul! Behold!
I am the Hero and Protagonist
Of life, the Pioneer of life's true cause!
I am the Sacrifice! My purse must pay
The long, incalculable arrears of man's
Folly and ignorance and wrath and wrong—
The price of truth, the ransom of the soul!
For, as with you and all men, so with me:
The life my father and my mother gave me
Was all compounded of the sins and woes,
Passions and appetites, credulities,
Cruelties, lies, hypocrisies of man!
So were my home, my happiness, my hope,
Builded of frailty and the stuff of dreams. . . .
Therefore they fell! But in the abject dust,
See! how the soul's pure gold of truth shines out,
More radiant, more resplendent, more revealed
In the broad, roofless day of devastation
Than ever it was in the kind, tranquil light
Of life's content and blind security!

And now the Labors! Now the woes of men are upon him, the Savior, the Redeemer!

for the soul must strive,
The God must serve, until His virtue is,
In man's degraded being and abject heart,
In man's deformed, incurious, haunted mind,
In man's gross greed and dull brutalities,
Illustrious and exemplified!—till truth,
Loved and proclaimed, at last is lived and known!

The drama of Herakles in a certain sense ends here. The last scene gives the close of the drama of Prometheus, the liberation of the Liberator. Herakles, having completed his labors and not in vain, carries to the prisoner of Zeus the fraternal greeting and the great message: God has reigned long enough, now comes the reign of man! God belongs to the infancy of humanity, He is the pale, primeval, projected form in which the timorous and anxious minds of men, crouching under the vast shadow of ignorance, recognized and magnified their sense of the Unknown and the Inevitable. But now at last we have understood the Symbol, at last we have seen that *we are the gods*, that we are the lords of heaven and earth and of all that exists.

At these words the fetters fall from Prometheus and the Eagle which has tortured him rises with a slow flight, departing like a tamed falcon. Thus the final liberation of the soul has come with the knowledge of the soul: that Atma-Vidya which is the one instrument of salvation for the Brahminic world. Prometheus was a prisoner only through ignorance and the chains which bound him existed only in his own imagination: the Truth has made him free.

In a letter of September 30th, 1907, Mr. Lodge foresaw that his "Herakles" would have in America only "half a dozen readers." But no writer, perhaps, ever cared so little for success and for the approval of the multitude. He had already expressed his ideas to Mitchell with a limpid statement of artistic sincerity to which in truth he was always faithful.

"I should have," he says, "but one personal advantage in writing a play, namely a genuine indifference as to its being played or being successful if played. I call this an advantage because it eliminates the possibility of my mind being disturbed and my powers consequently impaired by any influences external to myself. I become so increasingly convinced that precisely

as perfection of being consists in a perfectly transparent reality, so artistic perfection depends upon the degree to which the artist speaks his own words in his own voice and is unhampered by the vocabulary of convention and the megaphone of oratory—which exists and could exist only on the theory of an omnipresent multitude. Let any man speak his own word and he is as original as Shakespeare and as permanently interesting as Plato. The whole core of the struggle, for ourselves and for art, is to emerge from the envelope of thoughts and words and deeds which are not our own, but the laws and conventions and traditions formed of a kind of composite of other men's ideas and emotions and prejudices."

The last letters are full of joy and serenity. He passed the closing months of his life on that same sea-shore where the first flowers of his noble poetry blossomed and bloomed. By a sad coincidence one of the stanzas of his first poem begins with a verse which sounds like the sentence of fate:

"This is the song of the wave, that
died in the fulness of life."

When death suddenly took him by a failure of the heart, on August 21st, 1909, Mr. Lodge had not quite completed his thirty-sixth year.

Thinker and poet: but greater as a poet than as a thinker. He came to his conception of the Man-God through the mysticism of India (one of his letters shows that he had studied the Upanishads); he drew his inspiration as to the theory of the Will from Schopenhauer. And although he does not refer to him, Novalis seems to me to have had a certain influence upon his thought; at the empty sanctuary of Delphi, when Herakles is himself the God, one is irresistibly reminded of a disciple who, having lifted the veil of the Goddess of Sais, recognizes in the divine face his own features. But the form is all Mr. Lodge's own: the brilliancy of imagination, the terseness of expression, the statuesque lines, the ineffable harmony of the verse. Such a poet we must admire and love, even if we do not agree with his philosophy: even if we think that God, who is All, that is the Infinite, cannot be contained in man, who is but the smallest part of the great Whole. Has not Cankara, the greatest theologian of India, already said in a strophe worthy of a poet: "There is no diversity of essence between thee and me, O Lord; I am thine but thou art not mine; because the wave is of the sea but the sea is not of the wave."

P. C. Pavolini.

Il Marzocco, Florence, Italy.

Translated for the Living Age.

COLOR-BLIND.

By Alice Perrin.

CHAPTER III.

It is possible to be sharply aware of a sensation, pleasant or otherwise, and at the same time powerless to define or account for its cause. When Fay saw Captain Somerton arrive at her mother's party embarrassment assailed her, embarrassment for which she could supply no valid reason, though a more experienced human being might have recognized it as that old-fashioned affliction termed shyness. She endeavored to overcome the unwelcome feeling by encouraging the annoyance it produced, and then felt further exasperated because there was nothing in Captain Somerton's polite greeting, when they met on the

outskirts of the gravel tennis courts, with which she could possibly find fault.

But a moment later, as she raised her eyes with reluctance to his face, he actually winked at her, winked unmistakably—an outrageous proceeding that gave her immediate and sufficient excuse for such furious antagonism as would vanquish the discomfiture of self-consciousness. She displayed her feelings after the manner of girls of her age—avoided his quizzical glance, put up her nose, swung her thick tail of hair with an angry jerk of her head and turned her back, abruptly, on the smiling, unrepentant offender. So that one of the guests remarked in a low voice to another that the youngest Fleetwood girl was growing insufferably uppish and conceited—just look at her absurd airs and graces!—and it was a thousand pities to have kept her in India so late.

But it was only that for some mysterious, inexplicable reason Fay felt at a disadvantage, and tried to cloak her unease with a show of angry defiance. She left the badminton sett to its fate, and fled to the house, to the empty drawing-room, where no one could look at her and make her feel uncomfortable, and where, as she put it with lofty indignation to herself, no one could *wink* at her, or stare her out of countenance.

The drawing-room was long and narrow with large bow-windows and deep window-seats. A white fur rug lay before the broad grate in which a wood fire burned with noisy good spirits. There were bright, fat silk cushions in the low chairs, the room smelt of chysanthemums—yellow, copper, white, pink—clustered in tall vases—a wealth of vigorous growth and decided color. Fay sniffed their wholesome fragrance, and recalled a remark of Marion's—that there was so much fresh common sense about the smell of a chrysanthemum. Then she wandered to the shelf that held her father's collection of Indian books, chiefly volumes on sport, a subject that fascinated Fay, but among them were also Bishop Heber, and the Abbé Dubois, Bernier's Travels, Forbes' Memoirs, and Colonel Skinner, besides one or two books concerning the European adventurers in Hindustan. . . . She loved them one and all.

As an imaginative, impressionable child of twelve she had come back to India, bringing with her shadowy, exaggerated recollections of her life in that country up to nearly five years old; recollections that were more like vague, delightful dreams of long sunny hours and a kind, fat ayah whose clothes smelt of sandal-wood, who sang sing-song, nasal chants, about parrots, and squirrels, and crows. Bearers and kitmutghars also moved across the scenes, all ready to pacify her when she cried, anxious to amuse and obey her. There had been a chestnut pony, and a black and white dog, and a little chocolate-colored native boy who used to come and play, timorously, with her on the drugget that was spread in the shade of a great tree. Overhead in the branches doves would coo, and squirrels darted up the thick trunk, turned chirrupping half way, and raced down again to scamper over the ground with fluffy tails waving high defiance. India had stood to her almost as heaven itself during the long grey years in England, first with a family who took charge of "Indian children," then at a school for little girls; and as these recollections dimmed in her child-mind, fancy brightened them, till she scarce knew, herself, if she were inventing or speaking truth of her baby days to those about her ignorant of the facts.

How exquisitely it all came back to her when she returned to her Para-

dise, no longer as a baby but with observant, susceptible mind—the language, the surroundings, the mode of daily life. How she revelled in the sunshine, the perfumes, the sounds, the long, quiet hours, the space, the open door. Yet with the curious caution of extreme youth she took trouble to conceal her love of all things Indian because she had heard it said that to keep her out in India at her age was a mistake. Therefore she strove to prove that she was in no way deteriorating, dutifully submitted to the erratic teaching of her elder sisters, practised diligently on the long-suffering piano of German make that journeyed with them up from the plains and down from the hills twice a year. She read French with a dictionary and a pin, tried to draw, and really contrived to teach herself far more than she ever learned from the superior and presumably "finished" Marion and Isabel. It was all for the sake of India—that she might not be banished from India, back to school life in England, where there was no romance, no room, no time, no color. . . . Now, at least, she knew she could not be sent home before they were all obliged to go, when her father retired next spring, and then perhaps with her own people, and in a nice house in the country such as they had talked of taking, with Indian things around them, and Indian friends, and old Gunga—for Mr. Fleetwood declared he could not do without Gunga—it might be bearable until she was old enough to marry some man who would take her back to India. Marion and Isabel were always avowing that they would never marry "Indian men." Fay had long ago determined she would marry no man whose profession did not bind him to the East.

With a little sigh of pleasure she drew a thick, green-covered book from the shelf, Forsyth's "Highlands of Central India," and settled herself on the sofa behind the upright piano, so that if any one should look in she might escape observation and disturbance. With ever new delight she turned the pages caressingly, lingering over stories of tigers and wild buffaloes, elephants, bears, panthers: descriptions of curious jungle tribes and their ways, their legends and ghost-beliefs. She flew in fancy above the marble rocks by moonlight, through the mysterious mighty forest, over rugged ranges of low hills and tracts of jungle that held deserted cities. . .

Enraptured she read. The gay crowd outside was nothing; she did not notice the sound of talk and laughter, did not even hear two people come into the room till one of them spoke. Then Fay recognized the voice of Marion—the throaty, careless voice of the modern girl who is yet educated and refined.

Marion said: "Are you sure you left it in here? I can't see it anywhere," and a man's voice answered.

Fay could not see either speaker; they were hidden from her by the piano, but she knew it was Mr. Gray who answered, a man in the Police, personal assistant to the Inspector-General, and therefore on duty, not on leave, in the hills. His voice sounded odd, shaky, and vehement.

"No, I didn't leave it in here at all. Why should I put my tennis racket in the drawing-room? I only said I had because I wanted to see you and speak to you alone."

Fay knew that if she moved Marion would be very much annoyed to find her there. She was a little afraid of Marion, who was so brisk and decided and intolerant; therefore she thought only of the consequences to herself, and made no sign.

"Well, it's no use," Marion said, with annoyance. "I've told you so before."

"Yes, and you've told me why, too. You don't want to marry a fellow whose work keeps him in India; you want to live at home and belong to what you think is the world. India is petty, and narrow, and second-rate; people are too simple and commonplace out here. There's no life, only existence. That's what you've told me, haven't you?"

There was silence for a moment. Fay could hear Mr. Gray's breathing. She could feel Marion controlling herself.

"I hardly put it as crudely as that I think," Marion said presently, "but it was more or less what I meant. I wonder a man can want to keep a girl out in a country like this if he really cares for her! Now, if I married you what should I have to look forward to? You've got this appointment, certainly, for another year or two, but they don't like married personal assistants and you'd probably have to take a district at once. You'd get a little sweltering station somewhere miles off the railway. . . . The hot weather would be unspeakable, the cold weather would be spent in touring about among the villages with no one to talk to and nothing for me to do. Sometimes you might take leave to the hills or go home, but there would never be enough money to do things comfortably. Your life and your wife's would be one long grind, with transfer after transfer from one odious place to another, and if you did get a big station the living would be expensive and the position indifferent. A girl would have to be crazy about a man to do it. I like you very much, you know I have always liked you, but not well enough to lead that kind of life. You put things very disagreeably just now, so you can't blame me for doing the same!"

Fay felt exasperated with Marion. Mr. Gray was "a dear," always kind and amusing, and so fond of India. He knew everything there was to be known about natives and their tendencies, good and bad; he could tell such lovely bazaar stories, and really did almost believe that snakes guarded treasure, and that hidden treasure "spoke." . . . There was that case he told her about, where the old woman called in the police because the treasure concealed in the wall by her next-door neighbor made such a noise all night that it kept her awake, though the neighbor denied having treasure to hide anywhere; and sure enough when they cut through the wall between the two houses there was a pot full of gold mohurs dating from the days of Shah Jehan! . . . Then Mr. Gray rode and shot and danced and played games so well, and had such a marvellous collection of Indian birds' eggs. How could Marion be so horrid to such a man!

What were the two doing now? There was complete silence between them. Very cautiously Fay stretched herself and peered round the side of the piano. She saw Marion staring out of the window, and Mr. Gray sitting on a bamboo chair, his elbow on his knee, his chin in his hand, and his eyes fixed on Marion with a look in them that made Fay feel very unhappy. Vaguely it reminded her of the eyes of Moti, the Thibetan mastiff, when he was left chained up and not taken for the walk he longed for and expected. . . . From outside came clear sounds of voices, and footsteps on the gravel, the thud of tennis balls, and the sharp tap of shuttlecocks driven to and fro by the players. Mrs. Fleetwood was saying good-bye to somebody just outside the window; how little she knew what was going on literally behind her back!

Mr. Gray got up. "So I suppose that's final," he said, in a businesslike

tone. "You don't want to marry me, and you would rather I never asked you again?"

Marion turned impulsively. She looked very fair and frank with the light on her small head that she carried with such pretty dignity. The glow of the late afternoon sun just touched her hair and made it sparkle as though atoms of gold-leaf were sprinkled on its waves. She held out her hand to Mr. Gray.

"Tom, do try to understand. I don't like anybody better than you, but I *can't* face the life out here. I don't want to——"

Marion really looked as if she might be going to cry! Marion—who was always so severe and self-possessed, and so down on other people who dared to show their feelings—unlike Isabel who cried for nothing.

"Tom" took the hand she held out and patted it. "All right," he said kindly—Fay thought his voice sounded beautiful—"don't worry. I understand, my dear, and I know there is much to be said from your point of view. It is good of you to be honest with me. But I ask you to tell me one thing, Marion, the last thing I shall ever ask you of the kind—if you loved me would you risk the life?"

"Oh! Tom—I don't know!" she cried painfully—and just then people came trooping and clattering into the veranda and looking in at the window so that with one accord Marion and Mr. Gray left the drawing-room and joined the throng outside.

Fay sat thoughtful, her attention drawn from her book for the moment. What a fuss people made about wanting, or not wanting, to marry each other! She could perhaps understand Marion not wishing to marry Tom Gray in view of her extraordinary desire to live in England: but it rather puzzled Fay to account for Mr. Gray's extreme anxiety to marry Marion! She pondered for a little while, then returned wholly to the jungles.

But not for long. Very soon some one else came into the room. Fay kept quiet that she might again elude discovery, but presently a face looked over the top of the piano, and to her sore vexation it was the face of Captain Somerton.

"Hullo! there you are!" he said, and his curious eyes were laughing. "I've brought you back your property." He held up the black kitten by the scruff of its neck, it spread out its legs and mewed, showing a pink mouth with teeth like tiny fish bones. Lightly the man dropped it on to his shoulder with gentle handling, and the little creature rubbed its head, purring, against his cheek. Fay's heart softened towards him. Any one who was kind to animals commanded her respect. She almost forgave the offending wink, almost forgot the provoking discomfiture the sight of him had caused her. She put down her book, but before she could rise from the sofa Captain Somerton came round the piano and seated himself beside her.

"The Rajah was rather afflicted by the kitten's company, it clung so tight. I think he was afraid it would tear his best coat. So as it's nearly time for us to be going I brought the little person back to you. What do you call it?"

"Akbar," said Fay rather stiffly, and Captain Somerton re-offended her by laughing.

"Such a big name for such a small thing! Why did you choose it? What do *you* know about Akbar?"

"I know he was one of the greatest men that ever lived!" she returned hotly, as though her companion had abused the great emperor as well as doubted her knowledge of him.

"So he was, in his own times and way, but I suppose nowadays he

would be considered a tyrant and a savage. What do you think? How about the sweetmeat box he offered his friends with poisonous sugar plums in one side and harmless ones the other, so that nobody knew which they had taken till five minutes afterwards?"

"Well, I am sure he was careful only to let the poisonous people take the poisonous sweets," argued Fay. "He punished, he didn't murder; and he could always forgive. I think he was very brave and wise and kind—he really hated killing people and animals, and he was so fond of dogs! How different he was from his horrid sons and grandsons!"

"So Akbar is your idea of a hero?—a dreamer yet a fighter, tender-hearted yet just and stern." He said it reflectively, looking at her with attention. It seemed to him curious that the child should have studied with such interest a subject and period that most young people would regard with indifference as "just history."

"And how about Western heroes—" he began; but she interrupted him.

"Oh! they don't interest me in the same way," she said, with nervous haste. "I don't know why—I can't imagine them with gorgeous clothes and jewels and great armies; there wouldn't be the sun or the tents, or the women's camps with their guards—and—oh! I can't put it as I mean." She moved impatiently, and began to play with the kitten that had sprung from Captain Somerton's shoulder to her own.

"Why are you so fond of India and all things Indian?" he asked rather abruptly.

She turned startled eyes towards him. "Oh! how did you know?"

He smiled. "Well—people who get up in the dark to go and see the dawn on the Himalayas and who only like heroes who are Indian, and," he took the green volume from her lap to see the title, "books that are about India—" He paused, looking at her with friendly insinuation.

She gave a little sigh. "I can't help it. I love India. I love the people and the language and the life and the sun, and—and—the very smell of it all. I do hate the thought of going home next year. It will be so cramped and so cold and stuffy." She laughed apologetically, and looked out of the window.

He followed her gaze and saw the clear sparkle of the sunshine, the cloudless blue of the sky, the pine trees standing up sharp and dark, and between their trunks a vista of the still, deep waters of a Himalayan lake. Voices and laughter rang in the windless quiet of the air. It all seemed so rarefied, so far from turmoil, so secure. He wondered if, this time next year, Fay's outlook would be on a noisy London street with chimney pots instead of pine trees, a sullen, murky sky instead of the exquisite blue before her now—and he found regretful interest in the suggestion. What was the future to bring for this queer little girl whose whole being was obsessed with India's mysterious spell, who shrank from the very thought of Western life?

Again he picked up the book she had been reading. It was a favorite of his own, and presently they were discussing it with enthusiasm, also others that were on the book-shelf. He promised to lend her more that she had not read—books on Indian folk-lore, history, problems of race and religions. Despite her youth and her lack of education he found her singularly intelligent, her imagination was keen and vivid, her intuition almost abnormal for her age. . .

Afterwards they sat silent for a space. The kitten clambered and

clung along the back of the sofa, sometimes reaching out a soft paw to pat their shoulders, thereby endangering its own balance. The wood fire crackled and the chrysanthemums gave forth their "sensible" aroma. . .

Mrs. Fleetwood came into the room, conducting Lady Hobson, Lady Grewe, the General's wife, and a few other ladies too senior to play games, for the sun meant soon to set behind the mountains, and the air was sharp already.

"Oh! Captain Somerton, here you are!—and Fay too. I wondered where the child had got to. Captain Somerton, don't encourage her to moon away by herself and read books that are no improvement to her mind. She is much too fond of poring over all those Indian books my husband has collected, though he never seems to read them himself, and they had much better be sold or packed away till we get home. Your little Rajah was looking for you just now, but don't let him drag you away yet—we are all coming indoors to get warm and drink sloe-gin."

Somerton started up. He had forgotten the Rajah, forgotten that he had only come in to the drawing-room that he might restore the kitten to Fay—not to sit for half an hour talking to her on the sofa! He gave a slight laugh of wonderment.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "I'd forgotten the time. Rotah's tutor will be swearing. He takes the boy for something every evening before dinner—we shall be late, and I shall be in disgrace with Maitland. Rotah will come in and say good-bye, Mrs. Fleetwood, I'll go and fetch him."

He went out and presently returned with his charge, who made an awkwardly ceremonious farewell, shaking hands elaborately; had he only salaamed instead, his departure would have been natural and graceful. His brilliant eyes glanced with quick flashes about the room till they rested on Fay still sitting, doubtful, on the sofa, and he hastened towards her.

"Good-a-bye, Miss," he said, and held out a supple, brown hand, lean and cold. He bowed and bowed again. "A cat will come," he added.

Fay stood up and shook hands with him. She nodded and smiled and pointed to the black kitten that was clinging to the drapery half-way up the back of the piano. But Rotah shook his head and wagged his hand from the wrist in protest.

"Noh—noh!" he stammered. Then burst into his own language, smooth, and rich, and liquid, telling her that a Persian kitten of the purest breed should be sent to her as a gift from his humble and worthless self—a white kitten, three times as beautiful as her present pet, with eyes blue as the sky, and fur two inches thick. Fay clapped her hands.

"Oh! you are kind, Rajah-Sahib," she replied in Hindustani. "I shall be so pleased!"

Later on when all the guests had gone, Mrs. Fleetwood called Fay into her bedroom. It was a homely, comfortable room, pink and white, and clean, and restful, like its occupant. A well-filled medicine cupboard stood in one corner, for among the natives Mrs. Fleetwood was credited with possessing "the healing hand," and therefore her bedroom veranda was frequently besieged by sufferers. Not only did her own servants rush to her when they were ill, but their friends and relations came also, as well as other people's servants, stray coolies, and wandering pedlars. Remedies administered by her hand were accounted a miraculous and certain cure.

She sat now in a chintz-covered chair, a warm dressing gown wrapped about her; on her feet were quilted satin slippers, and she was knitting

something with long wooden needles and loose, soft wool—"having a rest" after the exertions of the afternoon.

"Fay, dear," she inquired, "what was the young Rajah saying to you before he left?"

"He said he was going to send me a lovely white Persian kitten, Mummy. Won't it be a joy! Do you think I could take it home with me when we go next year?"

She went to the dressing table and put on all her mother's rings and brooches and bracelets, contemplating the effect with satisfaction in the mirror.

Mrs. Fleetwood ceased to knit. "My dear," she said a little constrainedly, "you have a kitten already. You don't want another."

"Oh! but this will be such a beauty. The Rajah said so. And I do love cats, you know how I love them!"

"Yes, but, Fay—listen to me, darling. I don't think Daddy would like you to accept presents from the Rajah." She hesitated, distressed, puzzled as to how she should convey her meaning.

Fay's eyes opened wide. They looked almost black instead of grey in the lamp-light. "Why not?" she demanded.

"Well, you see, it doesn't do for English girls to take presents from—from men——"

"But Marion and Isabel are always taking flowers and sweets and puppies and things——"

"Very likely, but from men of our own country and from bachelors"—she caught with relief at a sudden idea; "the Rajah is a married man, you know. And his ideas about age in a girl are not quite the same as ours. You would seem to him quite grown up."

"Oh! should I?" said Fay, and she preened herself, rather gratified, shaking the bracelets on her wrists and flashing the rings in the lamp-light. "All the same I don't see the harm in his giving me a kitten. What am I to do if it comes? Send it back?"

"Well, well, for once I don't suppose it can matter," said Mrs. Fleetwood with reluctance. "But you must not let him give you anything else——"

"All right," agreed Fay, "but I wish somebody would give me rings and a pink topaz necklace."

She opened her mother's jewel case and, fingering the contents, forgot the Rajah and the kitten.

The Times. *(To be continued.)*

CHARLES READE.

When we speak of the Victorian novel, we think at once of Thackeray and Dickens, writers so immeasurably superior to any of their contemporaries as to throw the rest into the shade. Yet among those contemporaries were many brilliant authors, George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë, Lytton and Disraeli, Wilkie Collins and Trollope, and the subject of this paper, Charles Reade. Indeed, at no time before or since in the annals of English literature was such fare put before novel-readers. It was not only an age of masterpieces, but also an age of excellent stories only ranging lower than the best. Even to-day, when the standard of the novel is so high, the man must be singularly unappreciative who cannot spend many an hour over the output even of the writers of the second class who flourished in those days.

Amongst these, Charles Reade takes a high place. A singular man he was, and one demanding an inspired biographer—in this respect he has been unfortunate, for he has been the subject only of a very pedestrian memoir, and of a singularly chaotic book of reminiscences by George Coleman. His "life" remains to be written, and in the hands of a sympathetic admirer should be verily a human document, the record of a great-hearted, pugilistic, irascible, persevering, litigious, contradictory, loving and lovable genius.

Born when the nineteenth century was but fourteen years old, he was educated at private schools, and went to Oxford in 1831, when he was elected to a demyship at Magdalen College. He distinguished himself at the University, with which he maintained a close connection for many years, becoming Dean of Arts at Magdalen in 1845, a position he relinquished at the end of the following year, and in 1851 vice-president of his college. At one time contemplating a legal career, he was called to the bar at the age of twenty-nine, and read for a while with his brother-novelist, Samuel Warren; but the law did not satisfy him, and he turned to literature. To letters he served a stern apprenticeship. "Good God!" he said, "had it not been for the fellowship—which, though it bound me to celibacy, preserved me from pauperdom—and a mother's generous help, I must have been in the workhouse, or breaking stones on the highway." In 1851 he drew up his "account with literature."

"*Item.*—My family had brought me up, and educated me, till I was sixteen.

"*Item.*—I earned my demyship, eighteen pounds a year, at seventeen.

"*Item.*—At twenty-one I obtained my fellowship, beginning at two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and ultimately rising to six hundred and fifty.

"*Item.*—Eighteen years devoted to the study of dramatic art."

"Now let us see what I had gained for this outlay.

"*Item.*—'Ladies' Battle,' *nil.*

"*Item.*—'Masks and Faces,' half of one hundred and fifty pounds; seventy-five pounds.

"*Item.*—From Bentley, for book of 'Peg Woffington,' thirty pounds.

"In all, one hundred and five pounds. That is to say, about half-a-crown a week for eighteen years—not enough to pay for pens, ink and paper, leaving copying and shoe-leather out of the question."

Such an experience might well have deterred another, and made him turn his energies in a different direction. Not so was Charles Reade affected. He foamed with ragé. He cursed the managers who would not have his plays. He abused those who produced them, in his opinion, unsatisfactorily. But he never ceased to write. It was in his blood, and from his pen, in rapid succession, came play after play, and then novel after novel. That he became a novelist was due to the advice of that charming actress, Mrs. Laura Seymour, "the wisest counsellor, the truest friend, that ever crossed my path."

"Masks and Faces," a comedy written in collaboration with Tom Taylor, and produced at the Haymarket in the winter of 1852, was his first dramatic success, and the only play of his first period that demands mention here, though his melodrama, "Gold," at Drury Lane, was far more profitable. "Masks and Faces" Reade, prompted by Mrs. Seymour, turned into the novel so well-known as "Peg Woffington." It must be confessed that the story is better as a play than as a work of fiction, its principal characters and scenes being more effective on the stage than in the book. In cold print much of it is unconvincing, and, in spite of the undoubted cleverness of the book, its unreality is its most marked feature.

"Peg Woffington," however, was a great success, with the public, and Reade followed it with "Christie Johnstone," adapted from another of his plays, but this time an unacted one. It is a much more remarkable production. In the first we have a woman redeemed from sin, in the second a man converted from an idle purposeless life to one of healthy and kindly exertion. "Christie Johnstone" is a picture rather than a story, a picture of the Newhaven fisheries and fisher folk. Christie herself is a fine character, but the best pages of the book are those concerned with Lord Ipsden and the old woman whom he assists with money and invites to unbosom herself of her troubles.

"'*My trouble*, laddie?' cried she trembling all over. 'The sun wad set, and rise, and set again, ere I could tell ye a' the trouble I hae come through. Oh, ye need na vex yourself for an auld wife's tears; tears are a blessin', lad, I shall assure ye. Mony's the time I hae prayed for them, and could na hae them. Sit ye doon! sit ye doon! I'll no let ye gang fra ma door till I hae thankit ye; but gie me time, gie me time, I canna greet a' the days of the week.'"

And then she unfolds the miseries of her life, and many and dreadful they are. When the full tale of them is recounted, hunger, cold, anguish, and death, she begins to thank him for his sympathy, and, warming to her task, blesses him for his kindness, and the blessing is that of a patriarch:—

"A thousand good wishes came, like a torrent of fire, from her lips, with a power that eclipsed his dreams of human eloquence; and then, changing in a moment from the thunder of a pythoness to the tender music of some poetess mother, she ended, 'An' oh, my boenny, boenny lad, may ye be wi' the rich upon the airth a' your days, *and wi' the puir in the warld to come!*'"

Though Reade had successfully novelized (if the expression may be used) two of his plays, he did not yet think of himself as a writer of fiction, but remained faithful to his early love, and during the next two years (1854-5) no less than six of his plays were produced. Two of these are still occasionally to be seen, "The Lyons Mail" and "Nance Oldfield," in which, within the memory of the present generation, Sir Henry Irving in the first, and Miss Ellen Terry in the second, gave magnificent renderings of the principal characters. Reade subsequently dramatized some of his books, wrote other plays, and produced a version of Zola's "L'Assommoir," but from 1855 it is as a novelist rather than as a dramatist that he must be regarded.

It was almost by accident that Reade again turned to the novel. In August, 1855, a great sensation was created in England by the trial and conviction of Lieutenant William Austin, Governor of Birmingham gaol, for cruelty to the prisoners in his custody. Reade was appalled by the revelations, and made a study of the conditions of prison life. Very dissatisfied was he with what he learnt, and he wrote "It is Never Too Late to Mend" to expose the abuses of the system. There is much that is good in the book, but, as in most novels with a purpose, the purpose is insisted upon to a degree that throws the story out of proportion. The author's whole-hearted indignation led him into exaggerations, which could not be defended, and which succeeded only in irritating many readers. The book, and a dramatized version of it, achieved great popularity.

Reade was now fairly launched upon his career as a writer of fiction, and he published in rapid succession "The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth" (1857), "Jack of all Trades" (1858), "The Autobiography of a Thief," (1858), "Love me Little, Love

me Long" (1859), and "White Lies" (1860). "The Cloister and the Hearth" appeared in 1861, and two years later "Hard Cash" in which he exposed the danger to the community of sanctioning private lunatic asylums. Of his later books, it is only necessary to mention "Griffith Gaunt" (1865), which was violently attacked by those whom Reade denounced as "prurient prudes"; and "Foul Play" (1869), which deals with the scuttling of ships by owners desirous to draw the insurance.

As a story-teller, Reade had many merits. He could write well, he could draw character, he had undoubted powers of description, he had imagination—in varying degrees he had almost every gift of the novelist except humor—and he summoned even humor to his aid in "Christie Johnstone," in the opening chapters of which there are some quaint turns in the dialogue that Oscar Wilde would not have disowned. As against this, however, in spite of the realism of the details, he all too frequently indulged in overemphasis, which resulted in throwing over the whole an air of unreality, and thereby destroying the effect that he labored so carefully to produce. Possibly a certain section of the public still enjoys "It is Never Too Late to Mend," but it is doubtful if the literate ever takes up any of his works except "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnstone," and "The Cloister and the Hearth."

Of "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone" something has been said; it remains to write of "The Cloister and the Hearth," no easy task, because of the temptation to wallow in superlatives. The book undoubtedly ranks among the great masterpieces of historical fiction. "A story better constructed, or better related, it would be difficult to find anywhere," no less a person than Swinburne wrote. The praise is high, but not too high. In his enthusiasm Sir Walter Besant declared that it was the best historical novel in the language. The present writer would say that it is the best historical novel in the language with the exception of "Esmond." "Esmond" is written in the grand manner, and endowed with the charm of Thackeray's style and with those wonderful scenes of Esmond returning home bringing his sheaves with him and of Lady Castlewood confronting his Grace of Hamilton with the information that Esmond is the head of the House of Castlewood —those wonderful scenes that are no interpolated purple passages, but arise naturally in the course of the development of the narrative.

To praise "Esmond" is not, however, to disparage "The Cloister and the Hearth." A first version of the latter book, entitled "A Good Fight," appeared serially in 1859 in *Once a Week*, and, it is said, that the circulation of the periodical went up by twenty thousand copies. The editor, not knowing when he was well off, took liberties with the manuscript, whereupon the indignant author abruptly wound up the tale. Two years later, having revised and partly re-written the story, Reade published it in book form under the title by which it has become famous. It is so much greater a work than any other that he has written, that he must be included in the small band of authors whose reputation rests serenely upon a single book. It is, in fact, "The Cloister and the Hearth" first, and the rest nowhere. On every page Reade's erudition is obvious, yet never is it so obtruded as directly to call attention to it or to divert the reader's attention from the story. The period would, indeed, appear to have been chosen because the author knew it so well, not because he thought the period specially suitable for an historical romance. The

real characters introduced in the tale are not dragged in because there should be real characters in such a book, they make their appearance in it naturally. And what a canvas it is which Reade has chosen! And with what a portrait-gallery he has covered it! In these days when the novel is, more often than not, of the hole-and-corner variety, treating of a London slum, a street in Camberwell, the life of the bargee, or of the fast set, how refreshing it is to turn to this book where the novelist takes us from one end of Europe to the other, visiting Holland, Germany, France, and Italy, presenting us with indelible pictures of the manners and customs of the various folk.

The book is cast in the heroic mould. "Not a day passes over the earth, but noble men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows." This is the text of "The Cloister and the Hearth," as spoken by the author in the first lines, a text that is adhered to throughout, the principal characters being, one and all, unimportant in the life of nations, having no part in great events, living entirely in their own humble spheres. It is a love-story primarily—the story of the love of Gerard, the son of Elias and Catherine of Tergow for beautiful, red-haired Margaret Brandt. Gerard, by a forged letter written by his brother, is told that his mistress, who was to be his wife, is dead, and, in despair, he becomes a monk. When he learns that he has been deceived, he goes to his home, and arrives unexpectedly as the family is about to sit down to supper.

"The covers were withdrawn, and the knives brandished. Then burst into the room, not the expected Margaret, but a Dominican friar, livid with rage.

"He was at the table in a moment, in front of Cornelis and Sybrandt, threw his tall body over the narrow table, and, with two hands hovering above their shrinking heads, like eagles over a quarry, he cursed them by name, soul and body, in this world and the next. It was an age eloquent in curses; and this curse was so full, so minute, so blighting, blasting, withering, and tremendous, that I am afraid to put all the words on paper. 'Cursed be the lips,' he shrieked. 'which spoke the lie that Margaret was dead: may they rot before the grave, and kiss white-hot iron in hell thereafter; doubly cursed be the hands that changed those letters, and be they struck off by the hangman's knife, and handle hell-fire for ever; thrice accursed be the cruel hearts that did conceive that damned lie, to part true love for ever; may they sicken and wither on earth joyless, loveless, hopeless; and wither to dust before their time; and burn in eternal fire.' He cursed the meat at their mouths, and every atom of their bodies, from their hair to the soles of their feet. Then turning from the cowering, shuddering pair, who had almost hid themselves beneath the table, he tore a letter out of his bosom, and flung it down before his father.

"'Read that, thou hard old man, that didst imprison thy son, read and see what monsters thou hast brought into the world. The memory of my wrongs and hers, dwell with you all for ever! I will meet you again at the Judgment Day; on earth you will never see me more.'

"And in a moment, as he had come, so he was gone, leaving them stiff and cold, and white as statues, round the smoking board."

As a companion picture to this scene of passion shall be given a scene of exquisite tenderness, when Gerard, known as Brother Clement, discovers in his hermit's cell the baby that, unknown to him, Margaret has borne him.

"Clement laid down his psaltery softly and began to rock his new

treasure in his arms, and to crone over him a little lullaby well known in Tergow, with which his own mother had often set him off.

"And the child sank into a profound sleep upon his arm. And he stopped croning and gazed on him with infinite tenderness, yet sadness; for at that moment he could not help thinking what might have been but for a piece of paper with a lie in it.

"He sighed deeply.

"The next moment the moonlight burst into his cell, and with it, and in it, and almost as swift as it, Margaret Brandt was down at his knee with a timorous hand upon his shoulder.

"'Gerard, you do not reject us? You cannot.'"

As is the case with all great books, even the best passages and scenes lose much when wrested from the context. The above extracts may give some idea of Reade's range, but to enjoy its full quality the book must be read in its entirety, read and reread, and read again. Then can be appreciated the beauty of the work, its tenderness, its sympathy, and its humanity.

Lewis Melville.

The Bookman.

THE FUTURE OF AVIATION.

In the application of all great inventions there are two points of view which mankind does well to consider. The first is that of the present, with its contact with immediately coming time, and the second is that of the future. When gunpowder began to be applied to purposes of war, leaders then living had to think first of the bearing of that great change upon the safety of nations and on the conduct of government. But so slow and gradual was the process of development that no vast effort was then needed to fit new methods to existing conditions. Though archery had been the strength of England and by gunpowder archery was abolished, yet that abolition was spread over generations and even over centuries. Cannon are reputed to have been used at Crecy in 1347 yet bows and arrows, equally with firearms, were employed by the men who followed Drake in the epic voyage, commenced in 1577, in which he burst the Spain-shut gates of the new world and opened the Pacific to the English race.

Again, in the sphere not of war but of peace, when the humble Guthenberg introduced the printing press into what seemed a stagnant Europe, the evolution of the fresh forces thus let loose was as tardy as it was sure. The spread of knowledge and the enlightenment of man were the distant consequences, while the Reformation and the Thirty Years' War were the more immediate children, of that mechanical appliance. But, between the first books printed by the mechanic of Mainz and a Germany ravaged and desolated through conflict sprung from ideas which the printing press had spread, extended an interval approaching two hundred years. Well was it for Guthenberg, but ill for the Church of Rome, that in the fifteenth century the far effects of his invention remained unguessed.

Once more, when steam first became a factor in the affairs of men, though the attention of statesmen and economists was speedily drawn to its earlier results, few or none seem to have forecast the long course of its ultimate achievement. That it should abbreviate home travel, and that it should give employment to home labor —these were issues apprehended and

approved; but the effects, incomparably vaster, which it has since wrought remained hidden in the mists of unborn time. That steam should bridge alike the barren wastes of the sea and the virgin plains of the land; that it should link, in the bonds uniting feeder and fed, territories, immense and then almost unexplored in America, with the crowded population of English towns; that it should revolutionize naval and military science; that it should bring Vladivostock within a fortnight of Moscow and Russia into conflict with Japan; that it should lead to the creation of a journalism cheap enough to reach the eyes and sway the minds of innumerable millions whom no printed words had hitherto touched; that it should facilitate prodigious growths of industrial activity, and change the character of peoples by gathering multitudes from the country into the towns—all these developments were veiled from those (of whom some still live) who beheld the entry of steam upon the stage of this earth.

Was it within the power, and would it have been to the advantage, of the statesmen who lived in the second quarter and the first half of the nineteenth century to discern, even though dimly, the shadows of coming events and to shape their path accordingly? The answer to the former question should be partly, and to the latter wholly, in the affirmative. Though clear vision into far futurity is not given to mortal foresight; though even our apprehension of that future which is near at hand must ever be inchoate and vague, yet it is not impossible to foresee, however partially and imperfectly, the probable results in approaching years of a mechanical invention which already exists. When, for instance, in 1845, the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws was at its height, the potentialities of steam had already been displayed. Railways were already in existence, or in formation, throughout England. Steamboats had already long become the normal means of crossing the Channel. The era of Atlantic transit by the new motive force was about to begin. To estimate some of the probable attainments of steam in years that now are the past, but were then the future, was not impossible. But two qualities were requisite—knowledge and imagination. The knowledge needed was knowledge of the actual victories and of the necessary limitations of steam power, and also that of the nature of the great regions of fertile land which America contained. The other faculty wanted was that indefinable power of mental conception which embodies dissimilar points in a single flash of thought and converts induction into definite idea. With such equipment, a seer of the 'forties might have foreseen the likelihood that in the course of another generation the hitherto untouched fertility of the American Continent might be brought, by steam, into contact with the lives of the masses here. Would the grasp of that idea have had no bearing upon the great discussion which then raged in Britain?

The usual answer to such speculations as this is that it is easy to be wise after the event. But the particular and special object with which I have brought forward this example and indulged in this retrospect is to suggest the expediency, in another direction, of being wise before the event. We stand now in the early beginnings of a new power which is unquestionably destined to alter all the previously existing external conditions of human life upon this planet. And since outward conditions reflect upon inward, since that which is material reacts upon that which is spiritual, it follows that even the life of

the spirit with which religion deals, and the resulting character of man, are certain to be affected (as printing and steam have affected them) by the progress of a mechanical science which must inevitably change their environment. The fate which Claudio feared:

> To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
> And blown with restless violence round about
> The pendent world,

is one which, in its simpler sense at least, will soon no longer terrify the modern world. The paths of the air have been opened to man, and with them vistas of change vast as the aerial ocean itself.

The question, then, which I present is whether it is possible and whether it is worth while to peer a little way into the coming years, so as to form some notion, before we reach them, of what they are likely to bring forth. That there may be some practical utility in gauging the immediate future of aviation will hardly be denied. For if the British public could be brought by any means to grasp the significance to themselves of that which is impending, it might yet be roused from its deadly apathy in time to avert the catastrophe with which it is threatened.

We see that within the brief space of some eight years, counting from the time when the Wright brothers made their early experiments in America, the inability which has tied man to the surface of his world, or, if he ascended in a balloon, made him a very plaything of every breeze that blew, has at length been overcome. The internal-combustion engines which produced motoring have produced also the vehicles which traverse the air. We also see that the conquest of the air is constantly proceeding, and proceeding apparently with ceaseless acceleration. A few days before the date at which this article is penned an aeroplane, according to newspaper report, reached a height of over nineteen thousand feet, an elevation surpassing by more than half a mile that of the summit of Mont Blanc. The Alps have been twice flown, and on the second occasion without the sacrifice of human life. The transit of the Channel by heavier-than-air machines is now a commonplace feat, hardly deemed worthy of a paragraph in the Press. Yet little more than three years have elapsed since that performance was accomplished for the first time in human annals amidst the admiration of two nations. Transit by aeroplane from Paris to London will soon be equally familiar. Passages of several hundred miles at a single journey have been made, and continue to be made with increasing frequency. The speed of a hundred miles an hour, and even more, has been attained by monoplanes.

The truth which these well-known facts display is that the progress of aviation has been immensely more rapid than that of steam. The generations and centuries referred to before as required for the evolution of former inventions are not needed for the development of modern discoveries. Greater advance is made in one year now than in fifty years of medieval time. When once the value of a new appliance has been approved by the world, its gathered intelligence descends, as it were, upon it. The impetus of commercial instinct and the supreme motive force of national impulse have together gripped the art of aviation, and they are promoting it with the rapidity of its own element, the wind. To realize this swiftness of advance is the first step which must be taken if we wish to estimate what victory over

the air is likely to mean to mankind in years that lie not far ahead. For that purpose we have to consider, not merely what the aeroplane and the dirigible can do now, but what they will probably be able to do, at their present rate of progress, in, say, another decade. It is a safe prophecy that, unless the aeroplane is superseded altogether by some better form of flying machine, its tendency will be to increase greatly in size. Greater size will mean larger fuel capacity with extended radius of action. It is probable that the machines now in use will be as toys in comparison with those employed in ten years' time. This increase in size, with concomitant increase of weight-carrying ability, would bring with it the possibility of having two, or even three, engines instead of one. If this improvement be effected, the omnipresent danger of sudden descent, through failure of the means of motion, would be enormously reduced, and the resulting safety would tend to swell immensely the number of aviators.

In considering the probabilities of the future, one factor to be taken into account is the certainty that a point will soon be reached at which commercial enterprise will make a start. Hitherto aeroplanes have been used only, or mainly, for purposes of war and purposes of exhibition, and of these two motives the former is the more powerful. But as soon as large machines, capable of carrying ten or twenty passengers, appear on the scene they must become competing forces with other modes of transit. The breadth of the Atlantic separating the west coast of Ireland from the eastern shore of Newfoundland is, roughly, about sixteen hundred miles. The time cannot now be far removed when machines will be produced capable of traversing this distance without refuelling, and the additional power required to carry passengers will certainly be gained within a few years after the exploit has first been achieved. As soon as the hydroplane has entered upon this stage, the Atlantic liners, once termed the greyhounds of the ocean, will become the slow-coaches of travel. How can a ship which requires five days, or—allowing for possible acceleration in the meantime—four days to cross from Europe to America compete with aircraft which can cover the whole distance from London to Quebec or New York in perhaps thirty to thirty-five hours? Yet the direct crossing of the Atlantic represents undoubtedly one of the most difficult tasks which the disposition of land and sea offers to aviation.

The transit from the Old World to the New could, however, be performed with far less danger if another route were chosen. From the north of Scotland to Iceland, *viâ* the Orkney, the Shetland, and the Faroe Islands, is a trip which could perhaps be accomplished, under fair weather conditions, even by some existing machines. Those of ten years hence will probably regard it as a most trifling voyage. From Iceland to Cape Farewell, the southernmost point of Greenland, is a passage not half that from the Irish to the Newfoundland shore, and the distance from Cape Farewell to the last-named coast is not much more. It may be added that the stretch of sea which divides the nearest part of the west of Newfoundland from Sydney, Cape Breton, is only some sixty miles. So soon, therefore, as heavier-than-air machines have advanced a little beyond the stage which they have now attained—in, say, five years from the present date—so soon as they can achieve some eight hundred miles of direct flight and carry a small number of passengers, wide commercial opportunities will be open to

them. There are, in fact, very few portions of the land surface of the earth which cannot be reached without the necessity of traversing any great extent of ocean. But wherever land extends fuel stations can be established, and the need of constant repairing will become less every year. Asia can, of course, be attained from Alaska, with no break but that of the Behring Straits; or, if a more southerly route be desired, the long chain of the Aleutian Isles, extending from the Alaskan peninsula right across the North Pacific to within about five hundred miles of Kampchatka, offers an admirable series of halting-places.

As for Australia, its imaginary isolation (upon which much printers' ink has been expended in the past) is an indigenous newspaper myth. There is one break of about seven hundred miles, after leaving Hong Kong, and then the Philippine and Molucca Islands extend in a little separated line down to Timor, which is but some three hundred miles from Port Darwin in Australia's northern territory. There is no development of the future more evidently certain than that of aerial communication along this line of islands between China and Australia. Even now it might probably be possible to establish an aeroplane mail service between Port Darwin and Hong Kong, and from the former place, across the Australian Continent, to Adelaide—a land distance of, roughly, eighteen hundred miles. Such a service would, of course, require a subvention from the Commonwealth, but the cost of this might be partly defrayed by charging an express fee on letters so conveyed, which would reach Adelaide from China, at present aeroplane speeds, in from two to three days. The principal expense would consist in creating petrol stations in certain of the islands and at perhaps five of six points between Port Darwin and Adelaide.

From another and as yet untouched aspect of the case, Australia would be well advised to devote her most earnest attention to the development of flying machines and the training of flying men. Writing in this Review in the year 1909,[1] and dealing then with the same subject with which I am dealing now, I ventured upon two special prophecies, which experienced the sort of greeting usually accorded by critics to any vaticination. Of these forecasts one was that those who, at Dover, watched and applauded M. Latham's attempt to fly across the straits, were assisting at the first stage of the funeral of the sea power of England; while the second expressed the belief that within ten or fifteen years "the centre of military gravity"—that is, the principal force in war—would pass from the surface of the sea and the land to the air. These prophecies seem in a fair way to be fulfilled. Command of the air is now generally admitted to be a condition precedent to the attainment of victory, whether in naval or in military conflict. That function of the aircraft which is at present most valuable is the power to observe. Given equal fleets, or equal armies, and the admiral or the general who has the better information is bound to win. But the better intelligence must belong to him who, under conditions of weather which do not make aerial work impossible, has the better aerial fleet. Hence it follows with logical certainty that battle on sea, or battle on land, must be preceded by battle between rival fleets in the air. Here, then, we reach the stage at which the world has actually arrived.

The second, or combative, function of the dirigible and the aeroplane is to fight with their hostile compeers.

[1] "The Wings of War," Nineteenth Century and After, September, 1909.

But, besides these two functions, aircraft possess assuredly a third, as to which their efficiency is as yet unknown. This last task is to take actual part in the work of destruction by dropping or directing bombs upon hostile objects. The extent to which their power extends already in this regard cannot accurately be determined. It is enough to know that by gathering intelligence they can already dominate the issue of war. But, whether either dirigibles or aeroplanes already possess the ability to sink ships or to destroy towns or not, nothing is more inevitable than their acquisition of such ability at no distant date. The normal reply made by military officers to forecasts of this kind is that no bomb-dropping can ever inflict any serious injury upon an entrenched army. This criticism may be perfectly just, yet it leaves the core of the matter untouched. For at present the armaments of a people stand between its centres of population and its foes. Until its navy or its army, or both, are defeated those centres of its congregated life remain safe. But, when once such defeat occurs, then surrender follows, because no further resistance is possible. Refusal to surrender then would mean the massacre of a nation. But, whenever aerial fleets acquire the power—which they must acquire before many years are over—to inflict hideous bombardment and ruin upon cities, then the navies and armies on the surface of sea and land will find that they have lost the principal reason for their existence. They might be intact, and yet useless. The result, which aforetime the enemy could only attain through their defeat, he can now attain without their defeat. Very conceivably, an entrenched military camp might constitute the only safe spot in the whole of a country commanded by an enemy's aerial force. But of what use would be its safety if the troops within it were unable, as they would be unable, to defend the nation, which gave them birth and maintained them, against wholesale destruction? They could merely wait until the destroying process had proceeded so far as to be insupportable, and then share in the national surrender. But, since it is certain that aerial fleets can only be effectively met by other aerial fleets, the inference is plain that such fleets must ere long become the dominant factors in that culmination of international competition which we call war.

Unless these considerations can be shown to be invalid, and shown by some other method than a jibe, it follows that one of the first duties of every Government should be to develop national power in the air. Such a duty should be taken up at once with the deepest earnestness by the Government of Australia, whose fate, less than a generation hence, may well be decided in aerial contest. But, beyond all other Governments, that of Great Britain should now endeavor to make good its hideous past neglect. If I have said nothing on this point before, it is because hundreds of pens have written on it already. Everyone knows now that France has from five hundred to six hundred aeroplanes and Germany from two to three hundred, and that, even according to Colonel Seely's optimistic figures, which are derided by every expert, we have not more than a hundred and one. It is known also that in regard to dirigibles our inferiority is greater still. Should Germany attack us during the next twelve months, our admirals and our generals will resemble blind men who have to contend against opponents endowed with the acutest vision. To impose such conditions on our sailors and our soldiers

is to send them to inevitable massacre. Will the nation awaken at last from its sleep, or, if the middle-aged are wrapped in too deep a lethargy, can the young men and women, or the very children, of our race be kindled with some spark of living impulse which shall light at last a fire in the hearts of their seniors and shame them into action?

The Nineteenth Century and After. *H. F. Wyatt.*

THE INTERPOSITIONS OF AH ONE.

"Within the Four Seas all men are brethren."—Confucius.

The truth about Ah One is that he was *non*-moral. Were I to say that he was *im*moral, I feel that I would be doing him a gross injustice. My dictionary informs me that the word *immoral* implies what is contrary to conscience or divine law. Now, Ah One knew nothing of conscience,—he simply did not possess such a thing; and as for divine law, it was altogether beyond the pale of his understanding.

Still, he was highly educated—not, perhaps, in the classic books, the Rules of Ceremony, and the writings of Confucius; but, for a Chinaman, admirably fitted to pass an examination in what is commonly known as General Knowledge. He knew a little about most things, from locomotives to clocks. He possessed a remarkable knowledge of the value of all kinds of merchandise, and even understood the writing of the English language sufficiently to become highly indignant when I spelt his name "Ah Wun."

He explained that he had been, first and foremost, the most trusted and the most beloved of four servants of a certain judge at Hong-Kong. This judge, who, for some reason or other, had a strong aversion to Cantonese names, simplified matters by calling his servants respectively, and according to merit, Ah One, Ah Two, Ah Three, and Ah Four, who was the cook. Why Ah One had left the service of the judge, I certainly never discovered, for the following document, which he presented to me immediately on my arrival in Tientsin, can hardly be looked upon as authentic:—

Sir,—This boy belong my boy long time. Him name Ah One top-side boy very honest very clean very good boy. You want know why he no belong me no longer? Very well I speak true. One day I make bobbery I say you go, no want Ah One. He dam well go. I belong sorry. No can catch another boy same like him.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Judge Brown.

The "obedient servant" part of it was obviously copied from some official letter. The rest, including the signature, was realistic fiction, according to the lights of Ah One.

No doubt I may be blamed, with injustice, for all that befell me afterwards, when I say that I engaged him on the spot, in spite of the remonstrances of "James," the compradore, a corpulent Pekinese, who, desiring to bring to my notice one of his own family assured me that no citizen of Canton could be trusted. I did not doubt that in the least; but, though I had no intention of trusting Ah One, I actually liked his face.

He looked the brightest, the most humorous, the best-natured, and most interesting Chinaman I had ever set eyes upon. He was fairly small, with a round face, a lip that curled in disdain, and a nose that turned up in fun. In fact, his whole face was a

collection of contradictions. Sometimes he appeared all vivacity, enthusiasm, and intelligence; at others, he was as stolid and expressionless as the Sphinx.

We had a small mess in North China, of which Pomroy was president, ruling the domestics with a rod of iron. It was an order that our personal servants should take turn and turn about to wait in the anteroom during the afternoons. One day I returned from the Recreation Ground, rather hot and dusty after a game of tennis, and ordered the most harmless drink I could think of, a glass of ginger-beer. Ah One, who was on duty, brought me a bottle of stout.

I refused the stout, which, I said, could be charged to the mess. Pomroy, who happened to be in the room, decided against me. He said the mess could not afford to stand the cost of mistakes of this sort, for which officers themselves must be held responsible. He maintained that I must pay for the stout, whether I drank it or not, adding that I fully deserved the penalty for ordering so poisonous and unwholesome a drink as ginger-beer.

Throughout the argument I watched Ah One, who stood at the elbow of Pomroy's chair. His features were entirely vacant of expression. One would have felt perfectly justified in saying that he had understood not so much as a word of what had been said. I did not mind in the least paying for the stout; it was the principle to which I objected, as I pointed out to Pomroy. I said that I considered that the servants ought to be made to pay for their own mistakes. They would then have every inducement to learn the English language.

Pomroy denied that such mistakes were due to the servants. According to him, one had merely to take the trouble to speak distinctly to be understood. Personally, he had no difficulty in getting whatsoever he wanted. By way of illustration of this last remark, he turned to Ah One and ordered a whiskey-and-soda.

We heard the pop of a cork in the kitchen, and a moment later Ah One presented himself with a tray, upon which was a bottle of champagne—at six dollars a bottle.

Ever afterwards, Pomroy referred to Ah One as that "infernal fool of yours." But, though in my heart of hearts I knew better, I considered it advisable to hold my peace.

For all that, I could not help thinking about it a good deal. I was never by any means able to understand the workings of Ah One's brain. Its convolutions must have been peculiar. At any rate, I knew for a fact he had a far better knowledge of English than any Chinese of the "boy" class I ever knew. I was convinced that he had understood every word that had passed between us. Hence, his subsequent conduct in regard to the champagne could have been prompted by nothing else but unflinching loyalty to his master, or the keenest sense of humor. In either case, I could not refrain from liking him all the more. On a later occasion he was so good as to explain the matter himself.

Indeed, in our private relations, for several months, he was everything the fictitious "Judge Brown" had asserted. He waited admirably at table; he kept my uniform and clothes brushed and carefully folded, and my boots scrupulously clean. I missed nothing in the way of valuables or money; and he paid my smaller bills with precision, never failing to produce the receipt on demand.

One morning I overheard a quarrel in the scullery, and since no member of the mess committee was on the premises, I myself went to see what was the matter. I found Ah One and

James, the compradore, shrieking at one another across a ladder, which the one pulled one way and the other another. The Chinese are not pugnacious by nature,—in fact, they are essentially lovers of peace,—but when they do succeed in losing their tempers, they work themselves into a frenzy, and, though they seldom do any one the least bodily harm, there is sufficient noise and profanity to put all Billingsgate to shame.

In this case Ah One required the use of the ladder, which James refused to let him have. It did not matter in the least that it was not James's to lend. It was the property of a civilian contractor who had been whitewashing the kitchen premises. I asked Ah One why he required the ladder, and heard in reply one of the most pitiful stories to which I ever listened.

He had a grandmother, who was exceedingly old—so old, in fact, that she could not stir from the *k'ang*, which is the Chinese equivalent in idiom—if not in fact—of the fireside of the western world. Her husband and all her children were dead. Of her descendants, whose felicity it should have been to do homage at the feet of this venerable and worthy lady, not one remained, with the notable exception of Ah One. As for him, he would not stir from the path of love and ancestral duty for all the fat Pekinese compradores between the Great Wall and the Yangtse. He was determined upon that. The rain had washed a hole in the roof of his grandmother's house, and he, Ah One, had decided to repair it.

"Ah One," said I, "how comes it that, since you are a Cantonese, you have a grandmother in Tientsin?" It might not appear to the European who glances casually at the map that these two cities are nearly two thousand miles apart. I was enlightened immediately. I never knew Ah One to hesitate for a moment on any occasion whatever.

A certain Chinese pilot fell in love with a flower-boat girl in Canton, whom he married. Since the owner of the flower-boat held the girl on a seven years' agreement, and the pilot had not the wherewithal to pay for her release, they were constrained to run away, which they did to the northern city of Tientsin. There was the story in a nutshell. The pilot was the grandfather of Ah One, and the flower-boat girl none other than the ancient lady who was now living under a dilapidated roof-tree. Whether or not I believed the story is beside the question. I allowed Ah One to take the ladder. He had earned it, at any rate; and I took the responsibility upon myself that he would bring it back.

Two days afterwards there was a guest night. Gillingham, the police magistrate, was dining with Pomroy; and Ah One was waiting at table, when he suddenly complained of violent pains in the stomach, and was led out of the room by James. I gave orders that he was to be given five drops of chlorodyne, and was shortly afterwards informed that he was very much better, though he would prefer —if I would be so good as to give him permission—to go to bed. I had no objection to this; and before the end of dinner the matter had completely gone from my mind.

We were talking of robberies over our coffee and cigars, and Pomroy was telling us of how a large bungalow had been gutted, not only of jewelry and plate, but linen, curtains, and carpets, and actually furniture, whilst he was in Agra in '94. The thieves, in whose pay, of course, was the *chokidar*, had managed to load several carts with their booty, and had got away without waking any one or

leaving a single trace as to their identity.

"I can tell you a better story than that," said Gillingham, "which happened in this very place, and only two days ago.

Naturally, we asked to hear it.

"Well," said the magistrate, "I was trying a case of petty larceny in a full court. There were about a dozen policemen present; a benchful of lawyers, Brookfield, the Public Prosecutor, and Scott, the Superintendent of Police; besides a score of witnesses, messengers, lookers-on, and so forth. Just before twelve o'clock, in walks a man with a ladder. He came right down the centre of the court, and the policemen and the witnesses in waiting had to make room for him. He put the ladder against the wall, climbed up, and started winding the clock. In the middle of winding he suddenly stopped, looked extremely annoyed, and put his ear to the glass. Not appearing satisfied with that, he took the clock down, opened the back, and kept poking about inside. Then, hanging it up again, he put the minute hand to twelve, and waited for it to strike. It only struck once, I am sure of that, though, to tell you the truth, I had never noticed that anything was wrong with it, in spite of the fact that it hangs immediately facing my desk. Anyhow, the fellow shrugged his shoulders, came down the ladder, and went off with the ladder under one arm and the clock under the other. And that's the last we have heard of him."

Gillingham's story was greeted with a roar of laughter. As for myself, I lapsed into a gloomy silence. I could now fully understand how it was that the very sight of the police magistrate had caused Ah One the most violent pains in the stomach. I did not wonder whether or not the chlorodyne had been to his taste. I was convinced he had never swallowed so much as a drop.

The following morning, as I lay in bed, whilst Ah One prepared my bath, I endeavored to approach the matter as considerately as I could.

"Ah One," said I, "how are the pains?"

"More better," he answered. "This morning, could eat a little breakfast."

I regarded him in wonderment. His capacity for falsehood was amazing: it almost amounted to genius. I had intended to ask him about the police-court clock, but I saw now it would be quite useless. There was no question he would refer me to his grandmother.

I think I have always had the more sympathy for the Oriental, and the greater understanding of his ways, since I myself am something of a fatalist. Ah One had the good sense not to take me deliberately into his secrets; but, all the time, I was vaguely conscious he was under the impression that a kind of mutual understanding existed between us upon matters we never discussed: since I was exempt from his malpractices, I was in some sort a passive ally who none the less could be trusted. At first, this knowledge made me feel exceedingly uncomfortable; but the feeling wore off, and very soon I came to regard Ah One as Fate. He was inevitable. As far as I was concerned, he was part of China.

I honestly believe that, once, he was my friend. Yet, though he confessed to no religion that I ever heard of, his soul was the soul of the East and mine that of the West. There was ground—as we were soon to discover—upon which we could not meet.

Considerable animosity existed between Ah One and James. My Cantonese servant was by no means popular in the kitchen; and the com-

pradore could never forget that Ah One had usurped a place which he, as compradore, considered he had a right to reserve for a nephew who owed him money. James, therefore, waited on the heels of opportunity, which seldom plays us false. I did not learn the facts of the case until afterwards; but it would be as well to chronicle events as they actually occurred.

It was Ah One's custom, every morning, before he called me, to have his head shaved by a barber. When the barber's bill had reached six dollars, and the man had the impudence to demand his money, Ah One presented him with sixty cents, and told him in a lofty manner to rest contented with that. This the barber showed no disposition to do, but was for ever clamoring in the kitchen for the money; and here it was that the compradore saw his chance.

In China, the law has been ever the weapon of oppression, rather than the implement of justice; and James had a brother in the police. The wily compradore instructed the barber so to harass and worry his debtor that Ah One would, at last, be constrained to strike him; whereupon the family policeman, in hiding round an adjacent corner, would emerge and arrest his victim for assault.

In this trap Ah One was caught like a sparrow. The first I heard of it was that he had been detained at the jail, where his case had been heard summarily. He had been fined a dollar for causing a public disturbance, in default of payment of which he would be brought before the magistrate. Now I knew that if Ah One dreaded anything on this earth, it was the moment he should find himself face to face with Gillingham, and be recognized as the man who had stolen the clock. He could hardly be taken suddenly with colic in the police court. And yet, he had no money; so he sent me a heartrending epistle, in the handwriting of Judge Brown, imploring me to pay his fine and "save his face."

It must be understood that I believed at that time that, if Ah One was worse than others of his countrymen, it was only because he was cleverer and more daring. At any rate, I forwarded the dollar to the inspector of police, and a few minutes later Ah One presented himself before me.

He was furious. He stormed about the room, flinging out his arms, throwing back his head, and beating himself upon the chest. He had "lost face"—the most terrible calamity that can possibly befall a Chinese. It is not easy for the Occidental to appreciate the meaning of the term. It is best suggested by saying that his sense of dignity had suffered a severe blow. But the manner in which dignity can be lost and regained in China is altogether incomprehensible to the European.

"Master," he cried, "I lose face. You belong good master. You can get back my face."

"How?" I asked.

"Arrest barber," he told me.

I was nearer understanding the meaning of "face" at that moment than ever before. You "lose face," apparently, if you are scored off; and you get it back if you score off the scorer. This is hardly "dignity" in the European sense.

"Arrest the barber!" said I. "And why?"

"Why?" repeated Ah One, amazed at my stupidity. "To get back my face," said he, as if the reason were obvious.

"You can't arrest a man for that," I informed him. "You must have some charge; he must have done something illegal."

"Pooh," said Ah One, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Master can think of something."

I replied that I was by no means disposed to concoct a false charge against an innocent man, for no other reason than that Ah One was his debtor. He was thunderstruck at my infidelity and baseness.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because," said I, "I am a gentleman."

His answer to that showed me that he understood my sense of justice as little as I was able to follow his logic. He told me that, since I was a gentleman, I was the very person for the job: no one would say a word about it.

I repeated with emphasis that my interference was quite impossible. I was even tolerant enough to endeavor to explain to him that my honor was as much to me as his "face" to him.

At that he flew into a rage, and told me that his "face" was my "face"; though whether this was a further elucidation on the meaning of the term, or whether he merely referred to the 'mutual understanding' which hitherto he had imagined to have existed between us, I cannot for the life of me say. I think, in all probability, it was the latter. His next words were somewhat indicative of that point of view.

"When master lost face," said he, drawing himself up to his full height and looking offended,—"when master lost face, Ah One got it back. Now, master can do same for me."

I looked at him in surprise.

"When did I lose face?" I demanded.

Ah One, though a moment since he had been literally shaking with rage, now actually smiled.

"Champagne," said he. "Ginger-beer." There was nothing more to be said.

I saw that he and I were as widely separated as the poles. We may have sprung, at the dawn of the world, from the same horse-eating, hairy cave-man; but our souls had evolved throughout the ages along two divergent lines, now so widely parted that, though we both were men, with feet and ears and eyes, we were utterly incomprehensible to one another, and neither talk nor gesture till the crack of doom could make it otherwise. I thought it best to end the matter swiftly, and told him he could go.

From that day onwards he waited upon me as punctiliously as ever. He was an indispensable servant. You could never have found his equal in the whole of Europe—I doubt even in the East. But he was the servant, and I was the master. It was a commercial arrangement, profitable to us both—no more. The bond of sympathy was severed. For one reason, I was glad: in the past, I had felt like an accomplice. For another reason, I was apprehensive. I kept my money locked up, and trusted him as little as I could. I might have known that I was less than inefficient beside the ingenuity of Ah One.

It seems that, being unable to score off the barber, he had but one way of getting back his "face," and that was to score off me. Naturally I did not realize this at the time, or our relations would have ended before they did.

During my residence in Tientsin, I had purchased a great deal of extremely valuable Chinese embroidery. I was anxious to get this home; and as Pomroy was shortly leaving for England on six months' leave, he kindly offered to take a box of mine with him, and forward it from Southampton to my brother's address in Essex. He was sailing to Colombo on a Bombay P. & O., and thence transferring to the home-

ward bound mailship from Australia.

I packed the box myself, with the assistance, of course, of Ah One. It was tin-lined; and I stood by whilst the lid was soldered on. I also saw the box corded and sealed. It was a stout, deal packing-case, and my brother's name and address had been somewhat meretriciously painted thereon in bright, pea-green paint. Moreover, it was I myself who took the box down to the "bund," and saw it safely lowered into the hold of the ship which was to take Pomroy to Shanghai.

Shortly after this, a most extraordinary coincidence occurred. The summer was drawing to a close, in a land where the temperature varies throughout the year from twenty degrees below zero to a hundred and ten in the shade. The climate was rapidly growing colder, and we were casting aside our white ducks and suits of Chefoo silk for warmer European clothing—when every officer in the mess suddenly discovered that he had lost, at least, one pair of trousers. Our surprise at this may be imagined; but, when it was ascertained that the calamity—if one may call it such—had extended to the servants' quarters, we were completely mystified. James, the compradore, was reduced to a single pair of nether garments; and Ah One expressed the highest indignation on finding that his most baggy, voluminous, and most expensive pair of trousers had also mysteriously vanished.

The excitement over this remarkable and unusual phenomenon had not altogether subsided, when, on entering my quarters one afternoon, I found a telegram on the table. Picking it up, I was surprised to see that is came from Colombo. I read as follows:—

Your box fell into the hold when changing ship. Broken open. Contains trousers—all kinds.—Pomroy.

Seating myself, I thought the matter out.

I had seen the box carried on board the *Hongking*. M'Farlane, the captain of the ship, had been with me. That it was my box—the box containing my embroideries—I had no doubt, since my brother's name and address were on the lid. I had remained on the "bund" until the ship sailed, waving my hand to Pomroy, who stood with M'Farlane on the bridge. However, at Colombo, the box had been found to contain trousers—obviously our trousers, my brother officers', and James's trousers, and Ah One's——

I paused a moment in my meditations, and took up a new line of argument. If the box contained trousers at Colombo, its contents had been the same when M'Farlane and I had seen it carried on board. Hence, since there had been no time in which to open it and take out the embroideries, it must follow that the box I had taken to the "bund" was not the same which I had packed, but a facsimile in every outward detail, even to the bright, pea-green paint.

I now reviewed the facts of the case in my memory, to see if I could recall so much as a moment when the box had been out of my sight. After I had seen it soldered, screwed, nailed, sealed, and corded I had sat upon it, smoking a cigarette, awaiting the arrival of the coolie. I had even assisted the coolie and Ah One to carry it out to the ricksha, behind which I had walked to the "bund." A ray of light now broke in upon me, which enabled me to explain the secret of a conjuring trick which had, at first, seemed worthy of Mr. Devant.

On my way to the "bund," I remembered, I had suddenly become aware of loud shouts behind me. Turning, I had beheld Ah One, running as if for life, and waving something in his hand. I had gone back

a few steps to meet him, to be presented with my watch, which, he said, I had left on the dressing-table. I had been surprised at this at the time, since I had a perfect recollection of looking at my watch whilst waiting for the coolie. However, without asking any questions, I had turned to continue my way, when I discovered the ricksha, in which was the box, in the act of turning up a side street in the wrong direction. I shouted at the full power of my lungs; and in less than five seconds they came back, to be put upon the right road to the "bund." It was now obvious to me that for the rest of that journey I had walked in state behind a boxful of worthless trousers.

One might be justified in thinking that this cablegram from Colombo would have found Ah One completely off his guard. However, that was by no means the case. It was not until my deductions had led me to the conclusion that my blissful Cantonese had thus redeemed his "face," that it dawned upon me that the telegram had been opened prior to my arrival. No one in the mess knew anything about it; and Ah One was nowhere to be found. I was inclined to think he would not return, and that same evening, James, with a smiling countenance, conducted into my presence his nephew, and debtor—a raw-boned, clumsy Chinaman, with a face pitted with smallpox.

When the winter was drawing to a close, and the frost broke up, I was ordered to join the headquarters of the battalion at Hong-Kong. By a strange fatality it was on old M'Farlane's ship, the *Honking*, that I booked my passage to Shanghai.

The thaw had come suddenly over the whole of North China, and I never saw such a current as that of the Pei-ho on the morning we were to sail. The turbid, coffee-colored water rushed past the wharves and jetties with velocity alarming, forming eddies and small violent whirlpools in midstream, causing river-junks and *sampans* to dance and pirouette at anchor; whilst great blocks of ice scraped the sides of the ship, smashed together with the jingle of the forge, or leaped high and dry upon the banks.

We were not timed to weigh anchor until twelve o'clock, which would enable us to catch the tide over the bar at the Taku Forts; but I had come aboard at eleven, and stood on the poop, watching the after cable, taut and creaking loudly, straining with all the combined weight of the current and the ship at the iron bollard to which it was tied.

On shore there was a great crowd of coolies and dock laborers engaged in loading our cargo, and Chinese compradores and shroffs. I could not see a single European among them. The whole wharf, and the roadway behind, were packed with bales of wool, hides, and manufactured silks, and barrels of grease and salt. Every one was shouting at once, the compradores swearing at the shroffs, the shroffs at the coolies, and the coolies at one another. I was thinking I had never heard such a pandemonium in all my life, when there was a loud report, like that of a gun, immediately under the starboard side of the ship.

Looking down, I saw immediately what had happened. The strain had been too much for the woodwork to which the bollard had been fastened. A great solid beam of hardened teak, and clamped with iron bands, had split from end to end, like a piece of firewood; and the bollard had jumped free, to fall with the cable-end into the water.

Simultaneously, the ship began to turn slowly round upon the current. Her bows were still made fast to the

bund; but her stern swung out to mid-stream, where we caught the full weight of the water. She was no longer from end to end than the river was broad; and crushing an empty *sampan* into a bunch of splinters, and sweeping away the landing-stage of the ferry, she cleared the opposite bank and began to drop down stream.

As I hastened along the deck to the forecastle, M'Farlane rushed out of his cabin and scrambled on to the bridge. I reached the peak of the vessel in time to see the disaster made complete. Our bows had been made fast by a cable lashed to a single mooring-post on the "bund." As the great weight of the ship was brought to bear upon this, there was a kind of miniature earthquake at the foot of the post, which became aslant, and then, foot by foot, was drawn out of the ground. A moment later, the *Hongking*, with no steam up, and the chief engineer in the club, was at the mercy of the current, dragging a mooring-post along the wharf, which swept boxes, bales, and casks of cargo into the water. We were making straight for a mud-bank, into which we would be driven like a spade into a mound of clay, and a pretty penny it would cost the company to get us off, even if all the Tonku tugs could do it.

"Lay hold of that cable!" shouted M'Farlane from the bridge.

But no one in the crowd of astonished coolies took the least notice of him. They seemed to think there was some danger to themselves, for they made back to the roadway in a mob. I was searching in vain for the face of a European, when I caught sight of Ah One elbowing his way through the crowd, and waving his hands to catch M'Farlane's eye. He reached the post in the nick of time, for, a moment later, it would have been in the water, and the ship severed from all connection with the shore. Seizing the end of the cable, he ran with it to a brace of bollards at the far end of the wharf, and then looked up at M'Farlane.

"Make fast!" yelled M'Farlane. "Make fast! And be quick!"

Ah One was as unconcerned as ever.

"How much?" said he. "How much you give?"

M'Farlane was the captain of a ship; but, above all else, he was a Scotsman. To twist the cable round the two bollards was the work only of a few seconds. Moreover, it was coolie's work; and a Chinese coolie is well paid at fifteen cents a day.

"Ten cents," he cried at last.

Ten cents—the equivalent of twopence! And his ship in jeopardy!

Ah One dropped the cable-end, and found time to give a friendly nod to me. All this had happened in the space of a few seconds. In a moment the ship would be going stern-foremost down the river to the mud-bank at the rate of twenty knots an hour.

"A dollar," cried M'Farlane, driven rash in his excitement. "Two dollars—five—ten."

"Fifty," answered Ah One. "And you throw money ashore first."

There was no alternative. Hesitation would spell inevitable disaster. M'Farlane groped in his pockets, and then looked at me in despair.

"Have you got fifty dollars?" he shouted.

I was well provided with money for my journey. I pulled out a fifty-dollar note, wrapped it around a pocket-knife, and threw it at Ah One's feet. Immediately he twisted the cable-end around the bollards; and a moment later the cable took the strain, and the *Hongking* was saved.

M'Farlane told me that night, as we steamed across the gulf towards Chefoo, that he would have to stand the expense of saving the ship him-

self, as the Company would never accept his explanation and refund the money. That I was perfectly ready to believe, but—as I said—it made not the least difference to Ah One.

I have never heard of him since.

Blackwood's Magazine.

I suppose he is somebody's servant still. At any rate, I wish him well; for not only Christianity, but the Analects of Confucius, teach us that all men, whatever the color of their skin, should be as brothers.

C. L. Gilson.

THE AMERICAN TARIFF.

Free Traders in this country affect to gloat over the tariff measure presented to the House of Representatives. They pretend to discover in the meagre details cabled to this country the fullest realization of their hopes created by Mr. Woodrow Wilson's presidential campaign. British Free Trade journals never hesitated to hail every speech in which Mr. Wilson denounced the evils and horrors of protection, tariffs, monopoly and privilege; wholly ignoring the different meaning of the term as used by Mr. Wilson and as understood by all who heard or read his speeches. In his address to Congress Mr. Wilson explained that the tariff policy of the United States had passed beyond the modest stage of protecting, and had been boldly employed to invest the manufacturer with the "direct patronage of the Government." "Consciously or unconsciously," he said, "we have built up a set of privileges and exemptions from competition behind which it was easy by any, even the crudest, forms of combination to organize monopoly." In future the object of the tariff must be "effective competition," but "it would be unwise to move towards this end with reckless haste or with strokes that cut at the very roots of what has grown up amongst us. . . . We must build up trade, especially foreign trade."

From Mr. Wilson's speech, together with the tariff proposals, we learn at once the measure of the tariff and the principles on which it must be framed, according to a convinced Free Trader, to carry out certain great national objects. A tariff is deemed to be necessary if "effective competition" is to be established. It is necessary for the building up of trade, and especially foreign trade. The total abolition of import duties is denounced; the reduction of duties to a tariff-for-revenue scale is not advocated. All that the tariff aims to secure is the abolition of monopoly and privilege. We have only to look at the proposed schedules to see how these objects are to be carried out. The absurdly high duties on most manufactures are to be reduced from 40 to 25 per cent. Luxuries are still to be saddled with very high duties—why, if the effect of high duties is to favor monopoly and privilege, we fail to understand. Fully manufactured goods are to be subject to higher ad valorem rates than semi-finished manufactures. Even raw materials are not wholly exempt from duty. Corn and meats are in general to be admitted free, but flour, cheese and many other foods are still to be subject to duties. On the whole the proposed Free Trade tariff of the United States seems quite as high as, say, the high protective tariff of Australia.

We are not of those who believe that the high tariff which has prevailed in the United States for more than a generation has been injurious to her industrial development. On the

contrary, we think that it is owing to her courageous resort to heroic tariff measures in the past that it has been possible for the country to pass in a few years from a predominantly agricultural country to become the largest manufacturing nation of the world. No doubt the high tariff had some effect in raising the cost of living; but this was always, and is now, more than countervailed by the payment of higher wages than in any other country. High wages have been the most potent of the influences which have attracted emigrants from every European country. But for the high tariff these new arrivals might have shown some effective bias in favor of the goods of the countries from which they came. Thus the high tariff served the double purpose of attracting immigrants and forcing their demands into channels which were filled by native products. The pace of the development of the United States has been due as much perhaps to her high tariff as to any other cause.

The mistake of American politicians has been their failure, or perhaps their refusal, to recognize that a tariff adapted in the first instance to the development of infant industries might call for drastic change when, as the Solicitor-General wittily said, they had become grandfathers. The tariff has, for many years, been excessive, and has tended to encourage the huge aggregations of capital which are so characteristic of the industrial system on the other side of the Atlantic. Recent investigations have proved that one of the most general features of these great manufacturing corporations was the large margin between the cost of production and selling price. The smaller the corporation the smaller the margin; while the smaller types of factories, in spite of the high tariffs which protected them all equally, had the utmost difficulty in keeping their heads above water.

It follows that while some reduction in prices may result from the proposed tariff changes, if they should take effect, many interests and large sections of the community must suffer. In the first place most of the smaller manufacturers will be squeezed out of existence. In the next place the stockholders in the larger corporations will suffer serious diminution in the capital value of their holdings, because the margin between sale prices and cost of production will certainly be restricted. While at first it may be that the people as a whole will enjoy the sweets of lower prices, they may discover that they have stimulated the already huge corporations to still larger growth, and fastened the chain of monopoly still further on the necks of the people.

How about foreign competition? What will be the effect of the lower tariffs on European trade, and on Canada, the West Indies and Australia? So far as this country is concerned we are not sanguine that any material advantage will accrue to our trade. Formerly the tariff was excessive; the reductions will still leave it effective to bar any considerable increase in our exports of manufactures. The drastic cuts in the wool schedule may stimulate some new trade from the Bradford area; but when we note that the largest reductions are to be made in the yarns, and progressively smaller reductions in the more fully finished categories of manufactured cloths, there is some reason to fear that, as with Germany, an increased importation of yarns may be accompanied by a serious reduction in the quantity of cloths. The reductions are not designed to aid Bradford but New England.

Canada, on the other hand, is likely to derive much benefit from the proposed free importation of corn and

meat, and the large reductions in the principal farm and forest products. The introduction of the new tariff is the fullest justification of Canada's determined refusal two years ago to endorse the Reciprocity policy favored by the Laurier Government. Practically all that was then offered by the United States in return for material concessions and political sacrifices by Canada is now offered free. Mr. Borden should find his position in Western Canada considerably strengthened by the turn events have taken; and in advocating his great Imperial policy in that part of the Dominion he ought no longer to find himself addressing a community torn between conflicting emotions of sentiment and interest. The gradual reduction of the sugar duties may also confer great advantage on the West Indies, though it remains to be seen whether they can recover any of the foothold which they had before 1900.

We have tried in what we have written to take a strictly impartial view of the situation on the assumption that the Tariff Bill as introduced will become law. There is a long road to traverse, however, before it reaches the statute book. Mr. Wilson's reference to the risk of cutting "at the very roots of what has grown up amongst us" is an unqualified invitation to every affected interest to make its views felt. It is expected that the Bill will pass through the House of Representatives substantially unchanged, but that it will meet with much opposition in the Senate, which will be conciliated only by considerable concessions, especially in regard to wool and sugar. In any case the tariff will be high, effective for promoting American industrial development, effective for stimulating internal competition, effective for promoting an export trade, and effective for barring undesirable foreign competition. It will be a tariff many times higher than is advocated by Tariff Reformers in this country for securing similar objects. The American example and the American lesson is one which, with greater modesty and with the utmost confidence, Tariff Reformers can continue to advocate in order to secure similar results.

The Saturday Review.

A SAD BUSINESS.

"Listen to this, Francesca," I said.

"Will it take long?" she replied. "Because I happen to be very busy."

"And that," I said, "is just what you ought to be if you are to appreciate what I am going to read to you."

"Come on, then," she said; "let us get it over quickly."

"I am not sure." I said, "that I like that tone. It does not strike me as sympathetic."

She opened her eyes wide, parted her lips, and leaned forward towards me. "Now," she said, "you can proceed. I am brimming over with sympathy. Let me hear your sad story and do what I can to comfort you."

"Do not glare at me," I said. "You discompose me. There, that's better. What I am going to read to you is from *The Daily News*. It is an interview with Mr. H. E. Morgan, and it is all about the sorrows and sufferings of business men."

"But Tom doesn't suffer much," she said. "If he has sorrows he conceals them well."

"Is your brother Tom a real business man?" I said.

"Yes," she said. "He is on the

Stock Exchange. He knows a lot about shares and debentures, and he plays a great deal of golf. He also shoots pheasants and disapproves of the Government. Oh yes, I am sure Tom is a business man, and a high-spirited one."

"But," I urged, "he may have a secret sorrow all the same. Even while he plays leap-frog with his companions in the Stock Exchange a canker may be gnawing at his vitals. His jests may be a mask. You know the clown when he leaves the theatre and goes home——"

"My brother Tom is no clown," she said with dignity.

"You must not catch me up like that," I said. "How do you know that he is not the saddest man in the world when he is away from you in his lonely home?"

"I cannot say," she said. "I have not yet been lucky enough to see him when he was away from me."

"Incorrigible one," I said. "You are pleased to be merry. Now listen to Mr. H. E. Morgan. The article is headed, 'The Business Man as Hero. How he is Hampered by his Womankind.'"

"But Tom," she said, "has no womankind. Tom is a bacheldore, like Mr. Peggotty."

"We will leave out Tom and Mr. Peggotty," I said, "and we will devote ourselves to Mr. Morgan."

"No," she said, "I will not devote myself to Mr. Morgan. I will do much for you, but not that."

"Francesca," I said, "you shall not escape me. You *shall* hear what this man says."

"I have been pining to hear it for half-an-hour," she said, "but you have refused to gratify me."

"Then listen," I said, "and tremble. Let me see, where is it? 'Marconi scenes'—no, it's not that. 'Europe's determination'—dear me, where—— Ah, here it is. Now then for Mr. Morgan. These are his burning words: 'I do not ask that the business man should be coddled or kept in cotton-wool, but I do maintain that hitherto he has had far less than his just share of feminine support and sympathy.' There, Francesca, what do you say to that?"

"It is most touching," she said; "but is that all?"

"No," I said, "worse remains behind: 'When a barrister gets his first brief, a doctor his first case, or when an artist sells his first picture or a novelist his first book, his wife is full of pride and joy.' Is that true?"

"It may be," she said; "but are they not all a little young to be married? You sold your first book long before we met. I had no chance to be full of pride and joy."

"No, but you would have been, wouldn't you? Listen again: 'But when a business man gets his first "rise," which has, perhaps, cost him one cannot say how much brain-power, energy and industry, he usually gets scant appreciation from his wife. No man has to plough a more lonely furrow than the average business man making a career for himself.'"

"I cannot bear much more of this," said Francesca, wiping her eyes. "It is most pitiful. But *I* shouldn't have been like that. If you had been an average business man and had got your first 'rise' I should have spread a feast in your honor. I should have talked of your brain-power to everybody. I should have given the children a treat, and should have explained to them the energy and industry, yes, and the goodness of their father, for you are good—I mean, you would have been good if you had been an average business man, but as it is you are merely a writer, and——" She broke down and sobbed.

"Thank you, Francesca," I said.

"'You are slightly confused, but you have a kind heart. I will now finish with Mr. Morgan: 'Many mothers would prefer to see their daughters married to a failure in any of the more showy professions than to a successful business man——'"

"Mamma isn't like that," said Francesca.

"Please do not interrupt: 'Sisters are always glad for their brother to pilot them about if he happens to be a soldier or a sailor; but if he is merely in an office they show no such desire.' Is that accurate?"

"Well," said Francesca, "there's something in it. We do like sailors and soldiers even when they're not in uniform. They're more ready to pilot, you know, and they've got more time. They give their minds to piloting, and the business man thinks it a bore. Still, business men can be very agreeable. They've generally got lots of money, though they don't throw it about like sailors and soldiers."

"That may be," I said; "but how shall we answer Mr. Morgan?"

"I don't think we'll worry about him," she said. "We're not business men and we've no right to speak."

R. C. L.

Punch.

LIVINGSTONE AS A MAN OF SCIENCE.

Now, as in the year 1874, which followed his death, discussions are being carried on as to whether Livingstone was more a missionary of religion than a man of science or an enthusiastic and skilful geographer. Such contentions are a waste of argument. Livingstone ardently believed in the supreme value of Christian ethics and the power of undenominational, basic Christianity to raise the backward peoples to a happier condition of life; but to his broad mind—a mind fifty years in advance of most of its contemporaries—reasonable religion and honest science were the same thing. Most of the dogmas of his day—for which people were still being prosecuted—he tacitly ignored as being either unprovable or so little essential to "true religion and undefiled" as not to be worth discussion.

If Livingstone had lived seventy years later, he would probably have sought for some science scholarship or endowment and have gone out in his religious search for knowledge as a layman, a layman of that most holy profession, the healer of disease. He had about him the making of another Darwin. As it was, he chose the path of the missionary, and fortunately selected that missionary society (the London) which had already produced men like Campbell and Moffat, and which left with its agents singular freedom of movement and judgment. Consequently, he was able to enrich science with much material for the comprehension of Africa, even when working as a missionary at a modest salary of 100*l.* a year.

No one has ever charged Livingstone with neglecting to do the work of this profession. He taught, he expounded, he translated, pleaded; and exercised a most potent influence for good over the minds of thousands of savages; impressing their chiefs, moreover, so strongly with the worth of his character and the exemplar of his own hard-working, blameless life, that he really laid firm foundations for the Christian civilization which has now laid hold on Bechuanaland. But from the moment of landing in South Africa he stored up all the observations he could put into writing

on the African flora, fauna, geology and native races.

A review of his work as a practical philanthropist, a consul and a geographer has been already dealt with by various writers during the month which preceded the centenary celebrations. Perhaps the best and the most novel treatment of these aspects of Livingstone is that given in three articles by Mr. Ralph Durand in *The African Mail*. *The British Medical Journal* has published an essay on the medical and surgical skill of Livingstone and his great ability in this profession, besides his anticipation of the modern treatment of malarial fever and the cogency of his researches into tsetse-fly disease. To get an all-round view of the capacity of this remarkable man there only remains to be considered his quality in other branches of scientific research—philology, ethnology, zoology, botany, geology and meteorology.

In about a year after arriving in South Africa he had mastered the Sechuana language and had acquired a vehicle for conversation with the tribes between the Orange River and the Upper Zambezi, the Limpopo and Lake Ngami; for many of the Bushmen could speak some Sechuana dialect, and the conquests of the Makololo (a Basuto tribe) had carried the Sechuana tongue northwards almost to the verge of the Congo basin. But Livingstone, appreciating the great interest which the Bantu language-family possessed for philologists, busily collected vocabularies of the still little-known languages of Ngamiland and the western Zambezi; and though these are either stored at the Grey Library at Capetown or lost, they served the purposes of Dr. W. I. Bleek in assisting him to compose his unfinished "Comparative Grammar of the South African Languages." Ethnology owes a great debt to David Livingstone. It is impossible to write on the races of South Africa without quoting from his stores of information—information which is exact, unemotional, graphic and discerning. He wrote on the Stone Age in Central Africa before anyone had thought of such a period in negro culture; on the ancientness of pottery among the Bantu; on the domestic animals of south Central Africa; on fragments of unwritten history and half-forgotten migrations; on the importance of the Pleiades as a measurer of the seasons in the eyes of the African agricultural folk; on the racial and cultural influence of ancient Egypt on negroland.

His notes on the life-history and habits of the lion, ratel, giraffe, rhinoceros, buffalo, elephant, giant chimpanzi, baboon, hippopotamus, zebra, lechwe, situtunga, and the other striking mammals of southern and Central Africa, are strewn through his three published books, and have done good service in many a natural history book. No succeeding naturalist traveller has called his information in question. Amongst his discoveries in zoology were several antelopes and the pygmy elephant of the Congo forests, "a small variety, only 5 ft. 8 in. high, yet with tusks 6 ft. 8 in. in length." (This form was only rediscovered by the Germans a few years ago.) Livingstone's notes on birds, lizards, snakes and frogs are as good reading and as accurate as those on mammals. His observations on the part played in the economy of nature by the termites (which consume and cover with soil all dead timber) were subsequently confirmed and elaborated by the late Prof. Henry Drummond.

Livingstone's botanical collections and innumerable botanical notes—more especially about the Zambezian flora—are incorporated in the old and the new editions of the "Flora of Tropical Africa." His discovery of

fossil Araucarias in the rocks of the Central Zambezi valley led him to guess at the ancient connection between South Africa, Australia and South America. His sketch of the geology of Central Africa, written in 1857, his description of the former plutonic activities of the south-west Tanganyika region, of the coal-bearing strata of the Ruvuma and west Nyasaland, and his hearsay reports of the gold and copper of Katanga have stood the test of time in their substantial accuracy. His meteorological records of the rainfall, temperature and climate of Central Africa still await publication.

Indeed, it is possible that much of Livingstone's scientific research work has never yet been published, and that when it is disinterred and printed we may find ourselves still further indebted to this missionary-consul-explorer for valuable information about the southern third of Africa.

H. H. Johnston.

Nature.

THE CONCEPTION OF RESURRECTION IN LITERATURE.

Immortal longings, to use the phrase that Shakespeare puts into the mouth —of all people—of Cleopatra, are a part, the main part we may think, of the outfit of poets. Critics write much of rhythm and rhyme, and the rest of the mechanism of poetry, classifying it with the instant urgency of the botanist, dissecting it with the keen knife of the vivisectionist, but with little apprehension of the life that it enshrines and the vital qualities that it emanates. Poetry, be it lyric, epic, or dramatic, must contain "immortal longings." In so far as verse has no such soul it is at the best but an empty shrine, or a quasi-porphyric presentation of the life of poetry; it is not poetry. When Dr. Johnson defined poetry as "the best words in the best order," he missed, as all but the mystic poets of his age missed, the essential virtue of poetry. Within the order and the beauty there must be something that touches the deeps of man's personality, and the wonder of the romantic revivals of England and Germany was the fashion in which the singers suddenly touched the long-sealed fountains of immortal longing.

This longing is the link of the poetry of all ages, and a yearning that transcends all forms, and thus Plato's epigram of the *Morning and Evening Star* is one in spirit with, and "made alive again" by Shelley's lyric transcript of it. Poetry is the means whereby the great drama can be visualized—the drama of Love and Life, Death, and Love once more. Mr. Mackail, in the Introduction to his *Select Epigrams from the Greek Mythology*, in the beginning of the brilliant passage in which he refers to Plato and Shelly, says:

"The doctrine of immortality did not dawn upon the world at any single time, or from any single quarter. We are accustomed, perhaps, to think of it as though it came like a sunrise out of the dark, *Lux sedentibus in tenebris*, giving a new sense to mankind and throwing over the whole breadth of life a vivid severance of light from shadow, putting color and sharp form into what had till then all lain dim in the dusk, like Virgil's woodland path under the glimpses of a fitful moon. Rather it may be compared to those scattered lights that watchers from Mount Ida were said to discern moving hither and thither in the darkness, and at last slowly gathering and kindling into the clear pallor of dawn. So it is that those half-beliefs, those hints and longings, still touch us with

the freshness of our own experience."

The decay of the glories of Athens showed the insufficiency of this life:

"To regard it as the vestibule only of another country where life should have its intricacies simplified, its injustices remedied, its evanescent beauty fixed, and its brief joy made full, became an imperious instinct that claimed satisfaction, through definite religious teaching or the dreams of philosophy or the visions of poetry. And so the last words of Greek sepulchral poetry express, through questions and doubts, in metaphor and allegory, the final belief in some blessedness beyond death.

The longings of poetry are to the poet's mind, and to the lovers of poetry, what mysticism is to the religious mind. The immortal longings give the clue that leads through the maze of this life to the open meadows of endless love. Mysticism, in the same way, gives faith the eye to see, in rapturous fashion, the endlessness of true love. To the poet of all ages, as to the mystic of all ages, death is but an incident or accidental, that makes the tragedy and involves the solution. And sometimes, perhaps always, the poet and the mystic are one; certainly always in the greatest poets. Vaughan's wonderful poem, *Friends in Paradise*, gives us the point where the poet and the mystic meet:

"Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the Just,
Shining no where, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;
Could man outlook that mark!

"He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

"And yet as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep:
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep."

Browning is ever at odds with the mystery, bringing us to the very brink of eternity, bidding us satisfy immortal longings:

"Then life is—to wake, not sleep.
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level, where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less,
To the heaven's height, far and steep,

Where, amid what strifes and storms,
May wait the adventurous guest."

That was almost his last saying. Almost his first saying—in *Paracelsus*—was not less profound:

"If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day."

Shakespeare, too, is never far, even in the comedies, from the brink of unutterable things that hint

"Those mysteries that heaven
Will not have earth to know."
[Coriolanus, iv., 2.]

Sometimes, indeed, individual lines give us an uncanny feeling of spirits gliding around us:

"A shadow like an angel, with bright hair."

"Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands."

But what has given an eternal vogue to Shakespeare's works is that

in all the great plays, from the entire play as well as from individual lines, or passages, or songs, we gather this sense of immortal longing, of unsatisfied desire, of everlasting Becoming, which is the note of the human heart. Are we sure that Juliet will not, after all, wear out "the everlasting flint," that Hamlet and Ophelia, Othello and Desdemona, that Lear and Cordelia, that even the Thane of Cawdor and his sinning wife, have not found fruition or forgiveness in the last great act beyond the stage? The hunger for happy endings is not restricted to the groundlings. The yearning arms of Dido towards the sea were no fantastic fancy of the poet. It is the business of pure creative literature to relate the finite to the infinite, and to translate into prose or poetry the infinite yearnings that make man immortal. There is a passage in *The Frankeleines Tale* that gives us this very note:

"Now stood hire castel faste by the see,
And often with hire frendes walked she,
Hire to disporten on the bank an hie,
Wher as she many a ship and barge sie,
Sailing hir cours, wher as hem list to go.
But than was that a parcel of hire wo,
For to hireself ful oft, alas! said she,
Is ther no ship, of so many as I see,
Wol bringen home my lord? Then were my herte
Al warished of his bitter peines smerte."

It is this same sense of yearning, the relation of the finite to the infinite, that gives Wordsworth a place second to none among, at any rate, the poets subsequent in time to Milton. The simplest poems are transfused with this sense. *The Blind Highland Boy*, the boy, yearning for nature and the sea, and the vision thereof, who in a great turtle-shell floated out into Loch Leven, is a salient instance of this: the hunger of the blind for light, for freedom, for emancipation of body and soul, tells us of immortal longings as vividly as the love of Cleopatra or the death of Lear. Again and again we get the same note in Wordsworth, haunting the mind and heart of the reader. He links the heart of man to the heart of things.

In Milton's tremendous way the same yearnings, described with the very life-blood of the poet's heart, flame through *Samson Agonistes*. The yearning for light is terrible:

"If it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part . . . .
. . . .
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in a land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried."

Samson found light in action; Milton in inward liberty and immortal verse. The Easter festival is the answer that religion makes to these immortal longings of the heart, and great poetry has its Easter, too, for it is never ultimately sad; it always points, directly or indirectly, to some true solution of our human ills, and bids the doubter have patience

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

WHAT SHOULD SHE HAVE DONE?

Many situations in real life raise questions which test the fundamental principles of conduct; others, raising no ethical question, are a test only for practical wisdom and promptitude in decision. Novelists have often applied themselves to imagine situations which shall puzzle either the conscience or the resourcefulness of their readers. An extremely striking story which raises questions of both kinds, and has the additional merit, as a narrative, of puzzling the reader as to the explanation of the mystery related, is told by Mr. C. K. Shorter in the *Sphere* of April 5th. It does not profess to be a new story—it is said to be very old—but we do not happen to have heard it before.

A mother and daughter were travelling in the Near East, and when at Constantinople they read in a newspaper that the Paris Exhibition—the last one—was about to open. They determined to hasten their return home in order to see the exhibition at an early stage, and accordingly travelled by express, and arrived in Paris one evening at nine o'clock. At the Gare de Lyon their luggage, which consisted of two boxes and a carpet bag, was placed by the porter on the top of the carriage in which they drove to their hotel, but the driver took the carpet bag and placed it under his feet for greater security. At the hotel they signed their names in the book and asked for adjoining rooms. Adjoining rooms were not available, and the mother was given a room on the third floor and the daughter a room immediately above it on the fourth floor. The daughter, before going to her own room, visited her mother's room, and promised to come down in two or three hours to see that her mother was comfortable. When the girl did go downstairs three hours later she found not only that the room which she was certain was her mother's—she had not forgotten the number—was empty, but that its appearance seemed to be quite different from what it was when she had first seen it. Bewildered, she called the chambermaid. The chambermaid expressed deep surprise. Surely mademoiselle remembered that she had come to the hotel alone? Greatly agitated, the girl asked to see the manager. The manager confirmed what the maid had said. Mademoiselle was evidently under a delusion—she had certainly arrived alone. "But," she exclaimed, "we signed our names in the visitors' book!" The book was brought. Above her name was not her mother's but that of a stranger. She demanded to see the porter. The porter remembered her arrival perfectly, but she had undoubtedly come alone. "The cabman!" she said—"he will remember." The cabman was found, and she reminded him of the carpet bag which he had placed under his feet. But no, he said that he had driven her alone and that she had only one box. At this point the girl fainted. The next day the hotel staff carefully attended to her departure, in charge of a nurse, to England and her friends. Not till a year or two afterwards did she hear what had become of her mother.

The first question, merely taking the narrative as a narrative, is the mystery of the disappearance. How and why did the mother disappear? Mr. Shorter says that he has been told that when Mr. Balfour heard the story he at once guessed the solution. If that be true, Mr. Balfour's guess was

an extraordinarily acute piece of ratiocination. He must have argued to himself, quite correctly, that the great exhibition was the clue. The visitors had come from the Near East; and all Paris, from the heads of the Government downwards, were feverishly and passionately concerned in the success of the exhibition. Put these facts together. The solution now becomes simpler. The mother had contracted bubonic plague in the Near East. A few moments after her daughter had left her she became ill, was just able to ring the bell, and thereupon fell on the floor. The doctor who was called in announced that she had died of plague. Here was a pretty kettle of fish. Bubonic plague in Paris in the year of the exhibition! Of course, if the fact were known, Paris would be shunned like—well, one cannot say more than "like the plague." The exhibition would be utterly ruined; millions would be lost. Such things could not be allowed. The doctor grasped the situation at once. He informed the authorities, and the authorities instantly arranged that the unhappy Englishwoman should never have had any existence. The body was quickly and secretly removed; the furniture of the room was rearranged; even the wallpaper was changed. The hotel staff were all bribed or frightened into compliance. The visitors' book was falsified. That is the sequence of events as Mr. Balfour is said substantially to have guessed it. Mr. Shorter seems to believe that the incident really happened—we do not profess to follow him—and suggests that Mr. Balfour had heard of it before, and that the facts had remained in the back of his mind.

But even if the episode never happened, it is a highly attractive subject for the inquiry, "What should the girl have done?" Mr. Shorter says that it has already provided material for a magazine story and a novel. It is an illustration, *ben trovato* in any case, of the perfect organization of French administration. What is needed is achieved by relentlessly logical means. The public good is a steam-roller that obliterates the individual. The police and the other officials used the hotel staff in order to convince the girl that she was suffering from a delusion. That is not at all an impossible thing to do, especially in the case of a frightened girl in a foreign country. There is an old story of a man who was persuaded to believe that his dog was a sheep, because as he was walking along the road everyone he met, acting in a conspiracy, said, "What a fine sheep that is!" If the assumption of one's sanity has to be maintained indefinitely against the world, sanity at length snaps. We hold to sanity only by clinging to accepted standards of judgment, as a drunken man is said to keep his eyes on a light in order to know exactly where he is. In the darkness his world becomes a whirlpool. What should the girl have done? If she was to act effectively she must act quickly—before sanity, if only in a temporary sense, departed from her. If she had had sufficient force of mind she would have recognized instinctively that the events were, above all things, an assault upon her sanity, and that the essential point was to prove that she was sane, and further, that it was even more important to prove her sanity to herself than to the people who assured her that she was suffering from delusions. Directly she was certain that she was sane her procedure might be painful and difficult, but it would at all events be comparatively simple. To establish her identity, and her mother's identity, and the fact of their journey from Constantinople—those were the facts (the facts as she believed them to be) through which she

could keep her immediate hold upon sanity. Identity could be proved quickly, not through any French people, but only through the British Embassy. She should have made every effort to communicate at once with the Embassy. Within a few hours communication with her friends by way of the Embassy would have restored to her her standards and her balance.

And what then? The magnificently ruthless logic of the French fiction could not have been persisted in. But the further question would arise, should the girl ruin the great exhibition? Surely that is a splendidly formidable question, ample enough for a novel in itself. And if she consented to withhold the truth for the sake of the exhibition, after being taken into the confidence of the Government, would she have been guilty of a crime? Suppose that plague had spread among the hundreds of thousands of visitors to the exhibition—what would she have thought and done then? It may be said that if the French Government knowingly allowed all its visitors to run the risk—which we do not believe it did—it was a question for the French Government alone. No girl could hope to stand up to a foreign Government, nor would she have the right to do so. In theory perhaps not. But still—warning people is not interfering with foreign Governments. These are nice questions, quite worthy, let us say, of the story.

The Spectator.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Boy readers who are fond of stories of wild Indian life should take a special interest in "Sinopah the Indian Boy" by James Willard Schultz (Houghton Mifflin Co.) because it is the story of a real Indian boy, told by one who has lived among the Indians and has an Indian wife. Simply and directly told, it gives a more vivid impression of Indian ways and customs than many more highly embellished narratives. There are several illustrations.

Dr. Karl Mortensen's "Handbook of Norse Mythology," which has been a recognized authority in Denmark for a dozen years or more, has been translated into English by Professor A. Clinton Crowell of Boston University, with the author's sanction and cooperation, and is published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company in a compact volume of convenient size. It opens up to American readers and students a field of inquiry hitherto somewhat neglected but full of interest. The book closes with an outline of the famous Hero Sagas.

G. Binney Dibblee, M.A., who contributes a volume on "The Newspaper" to the Home University Library, is described on the title page as Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, but his book makes it clear that he has had more than a scholastic training and experience. No one but a practical journalist of large opportunities could have gained the intimate knowledge of all modern newspaper processes, reportorial, editorial and mechanical, which he imparts in this modest volume. He writes with engaging candor and with a good sense of proportion, and his book will appeal not only to the average reader, who will welcome the opportunity to

know more about the means by which the newspaper of today is created, but to practical newspaper men, who will find the author's comparisons of English and American newspapers discriminating and well-considered. Altogether, written, as it is, from the inside, the book is very illuminating and it is also a marvel of condensation. Henry Holt & Co.

A book which is already widely discussed and will in all likelihood continue to be is Katrina Trask's drama "In the Vanguard." The theme is Peace versus War, and the struggle of the drama is in the mind of a young man who obeys his country's summons to war, and then decides that he cannot conscientiously serve in the army any longer. His decision brings him into disgrace with his regiment, his parents, the people of his home village, in fact with every one except one understanding friend and one woman. Although the scenes shift with great variety, the real problem of the play is an intellectual one and for that reason it will succeed fully as well with an audience of readers as it would on the stage. One's interest is also with the question involved rather than with any personality. The drama, read or acted, should be a valuable contribution to the peace movement, for it is fresh and interesting. The Macmillan Company.

Pollyanna was a "glad" child, and it was a good thing for her that she was, poor little stranded orphan with only a hatchet-faced auntie for a relative. When her father died, the Ladies' Aiders paid her carfare East (instead of buying red carpet for the center aisle) and hoped the aunt would be good to her. Pollyanna had no qualms. She was sure her auntie loved her, and her conviction never wavered, in the face of the most disagreeable punishments for nothing at all. The aunt, needless to say, found it disconcerting to be loved for her unpleasantnesses. Pollyanna certainly could make anything seem "glad." A great deal happens to her in this book by Eleanor H. Porter, and the reader follows it all with real interest, much as we used to follow "Melody" and "Dear Gates" and the Sunday School stories of twenty years ago. Pollyanna is a sweet child, with a real personality, and that she comes out happily and that even her aunt comes to a happy marriage will please the most sophisticated lover of the realistic and sordid school. Never mind if it never could have happened. It would be nice if it could, and that is all you care about Jackanapes or Melody or Pollyanna. L. C. Page Co.

"Pan-Germanism," by Roland G. Usher, is a book which no student of European politics can afford to neglect, and one which cannot fail to interest greatly even the casual reader of the daily news. It brings the wars in Tripoli and the Balkans, the revolutions in Turkey and Persia, and the questions of foreign and internal policy which are being hotly discussed throughout Europe into the sharpest focus, and reveals their apparently unrelated events as the successive moves and countermoves in Germany's gigantic programme for gaining control of the world. The map of Europe becomes a chess-board on which the powerful pieces of the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance, with the pawns which have not yet been removed from the board, are arrayed against each other in an evenly balanced problem:—either white or black to play and mate in seven moves. And the strategics of play are so brilliantly and clearly analyzed that the reader finds that the

foreign dispatches in his paper are beginning to take on the interest of the sporting pages. It makes one long for a newspaper with the courage to jettison its Sunday vaudeville and substitute each week some book as comprehensive and authoritative as Professor Usher's—published in paper covers if necessary, or even in Sunday Magazine format—which would serve in the most useful sense as a true newspaper supplement. Houghton Mifflin Co.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that every reader of miscellaneous fiction has been somewhat affected by M. Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe" during the year and a half since its publication began. No matter how rigidly he may have maintained the mildly pharisaical attitude of one who "does not read continued stories," no matter if he has never even heard of the book, he has felt its influence, for it has been imitated, consciously or unconsciously by scores of minor writers, and one hears its echoes everywhere, even in the magazines written for children and edited for the family circle. The just published third volume of the American edition, "Journey's End," includes the last three of the ten volumes composing the original French edition, and, like its two predecessors, it is a substantial book of five hundred well-printed pages, and it leaves Christophe only when he is dying, "in a sort of overwhelming beatitude," tranquilly assured that, even if his art should perish utterly, God will endure, and that he and those friends who have been a part of his life will nevermore be separated. This is hardly what the average reader will have expected, but repeated and careful examination will show him that it is perfectly logical. M. Rolland, by strict adherence to the truth in regard to art becomes a teacher of religion. The closing division of "Journey's End," "The New Dawn," is painful, but it holds compensation for all the unpleasant things, and surpasses all the fine things in the earlier passages. The hero, losing his life, finds it according to the promise. Henry Holt & Co.

The cockney's capacity to be ludicrous no longer decides the position accorded him by the novelist, and, having been advanced to the post of hero, he is now made the vehicle of moral lessons, and is even promoted to the chief place in tragedy. For example, in Miss May Sinclair's latest story, "The Combined Maze," he is the helpless victim of a woman who is little more than a combination of sensual appetites. Having compelled the luckless youth, a London furniture-dealer's "utterly insignificant clerk," to marry her by deliberately tempting him to sin, she drags him through miserable years before she fulfils her natural destiny by eloping with a brutish fellow able to support her in idleness and then returns to her husband at precisely the right moment to prevent him from securing a divorce, and marrying the good girl who has compelled him to respect her, and has again and again not only preserved his children's lives, but enabled him to avoid financial ruin as the prey of a speculative builder. The book leaves him at the age of thirty-two to spend his dreary future with a selfish, indolent slattern, shorn by dissipation of all physical charm. Miss Sinclair is unsparing in her description of the wife's degradation and thus guards herself against the charge of immoral intention so often preferred against those who portray immoral persons. Her book is not pretty but it is truthful, and the passages describing the hero's pleasures in his days of youthful innocence are almost pastoral, although their scene is London. Harper & Brothers.